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REVIEW



Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JUNE 1917

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A little dressing-room furnished with unpolished chestnut is the link between the black and blue sitting-room and the star-spangled bedroom, where the furniture is painted a very bright leaf green. Startling as it may sound this room is really quite restful, for black is used lavishly and cleverly. The bed heads are in a black and gold-papered alcove, with an all-black ceiling. The carpet is black, with a jewelled pattern in which the green is reproduced. The rest of the room is papered in white and gold, and the black and white curtains are patterned with futurist effect. A vivid and clever colour note which catches the eye is a wonderfully coloured flower basket designed in woolwork on each of the black satin covers to the big French pillows of the beds. The quaint little painted paper flowers which appear in pots in the various rooms are extremely fascinating. The remaining rooms of the furnished flat are the nurseries, to which allusion has already been made with the star-strewn, sky-blue ceiling in the sleeping-room and the painted walls and real blackboard dado in the day-room. Everyone seeking inspiration in modern art should pay a visit to this model furnished flat.

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

1st Voice . . . Simply can't get any hot water for the children's baths. . . . Have to take up a kettleful at a time . . . you know what *that* means! . . .

2nd Voice. Gas . . .

1st Voice. What's that?

2nd Voice. Gas . . . get a gas water heater.

1st Voice. You don't understand, dear . . . we can't cook the dinner properly either . . . the kitchen range won't act . . .

2nd Voice. Gas . . .

1st Voice. What on earth—?

2nd Voice (laconically). Get a gas cooker . . .

1st Voice. Y-e-es—of course, I *might* do that . . . it's the coal as much as anything . . . we have to use coke to keep the bills down . . . and the fires *are* such a nuisance . . .

2nd Voice (monotonously). Gas . . .

1st Voice. Oh, bother! You aren't a bit sympathetic.

2nd Voice (wearily). Get gas fires.

1st Voice. Yes, I know . . . (*snappishly*) and have gas bills . . .

2nd Voice. Well, you've got to pay for coal, you know, and you've got all the work of carrying it and cleaning grates and messing about with the kitchen range. . . . Ever since the war broke out *we've* had gas all over the

house . . . one fuel, one bill, one servant, and *no* trouble . . .

1st Voice. Yes, but how do you manage about burning the rubbish?

2nd Voice. Gas again . . . we've got a gas incinerator . . . burns all the refuse, you know, and takes up next to no room. Then we've got a gas-heated copper for washing our light articles at home *and* a gas-heated iron . . . Oh! and gas light—and—

1st Voice (wavering). Yes, I see . . . but—

Operator (interrupting). Have you finished?

1st Voice. Oh! Exchange, *please* don't ring us off . . . we've only just got on and I'm sure we haven't been three minutes yet . . . I've only just begun!

2nd Voice (returning). I heard you—you awful little liar! You've been ten minutes at the very least.

1st Voice. But, Dora, *do* listen . . . I wish you'd help me . . . there's a darling

2nd Voice. Come round here to-morrow and I'll show you how to do it . . . come to lunch at one . . .

1st Voice. May I? I'd just love to. But—oh! Dora . . . just one word . . . that hat . . . d'you think if I—

Operator (decisively). Time's up! Ring off, please! . . .

(A jarring noise is heard—the bell gives a feeble tinkle—silence reigns.)



"Gas"

Hats and the Woman

¶ IF we are condemned to uniformity in dress let us at least keep our individuality in hats. We do not ask for extravagance, but we hope for variety in millinery. Fortunately we still have it, although styles are simpler, and millinery on the whole is not any more expensive since the war. At Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, it is possible to get an excellent range of the smartest hats from 12s. 11d. to 29s. 6d. on the ground floor, while upstairs there are exclusive models at all prices from about two guineas. In the prevailing shade of grey there are some choice hats—one, a little toque, rather Russian in style, has a veil bordered with gay-painted butterflies which makes its trimming. A high-crowned, grey mushroom in soft straw with a tiny tulle brim and a shaded osprey, and another with pink under the brim and pink centred grey daisies are among the novelties for the season. A black lisère and silk sailor hat, with tiny curtain veil, goes with a tall black walking stick with silk-bound handle. A golfing set in checked cloth, comprising smart little hat and scarf, is novel and useful, the colours being navy with a check of yellow and white. A Flamingo satin toque with wings to match across the



front is strikingly smart, and there are some delightful garden hats in Leghorn and straw in various becoming shapes. Panamas are in great variety, and dress hats with silk crowns and lace or tulle brims as well as transparent hats in tulle and lace are very choice. One of the newest models sketched here, at 2½ guineas, has a smart turned-up brim edged with lace. The other hat illustrated on this page (also 2½ guineas) is a very becoming mushroom shape in Georgette, charmingly trimmed with soft drapery of its own material in cerise, jade, stone blue, and mauve.

The Comfort of Jumper Blouses

¶ MEN might easily follow the lead of women in the matter of comfortable and sensible clothes. Now that a fierce controversy is raging as to the hygienic and comfortable quality of breeches, as well as their artistic superiority over trousers—women have solved all dress problems by wearing short skirts, loose coat frocks, and Jumper blouses—a joy and a comfort to all who

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possess them, as well as a beauty and delight to behold, especially the new brocaded models for evening wear which one sees in the blouse salons of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. These are in heavy silks, brocaded in gold and silver. There are some charming brocaded ninons also and very fascinating new models in Georgette at 49s. 6d.—one with a smocked yoke and plaited girdle and another with a big rever collar seen in peach colour were representative of many other good styles in soft pastel shades. Crêpe de Chine jumpers are in great variety of style and colouring, and for immediate summer wear mention may be made of some attractive jumpers in plain white linen trimmed with stripes at 49s. 6d., while a new jumper in washing crêpe at 29s. 6d. is excellent value.

Saving Children for the Nation

¶ EMPHASIS to-day is stronger than ever upon the importance of child life. Never were the children of a nation more needed as true national assets. On the other hand, statistics as to the death-rate amongst children show that this is alarmingly high, whilst in thousands of cases these premature deaths were from preventable causes. Against this, it is both remarkable and gratifying that the average death-rate in Dr. Barnardo's Homes for the past twenty years is only 7.76 per thousand, whilst their family—the largest in the world—has averaged 7,711 for the past five years. Yet the children are naturally often suffering on admission from inherited weakness or disease or with constitutions undermined by starvation.

"The Pen is Mightier —"

¶ "THE pen," said old Bill, "is mightier than the sword." "Stands to reason," said old Bill. The doyen of our section was in sententious mood, and then he is always worth listening to; he was carefully oiling the bolt of his rifle and a lot of us were writing home.

"Swords," said old Bill, "is ornyments. They're all left at the base, whereas the pen is a long-range weapon of precision; you can snipe a bloke wif a pen right over in Australia and get 'im in the neck every time; likewise you can pump it into the crowd at 'ome, sweetarts and wives, mostly sweetarts, seemingly," he said with a look round, "and score a bull every time. If you kids cud ony do that with yer rifles you'd all be marksmen." Some grunts were a tribute to his eloquence as he passed to inspect sights. "That's why you boys are all using magazine pens with gold baynits; the other sorts are like the old Brown Bess, good ernuf for Waterloo, but no use 'ere. You'd look silly loading after every shot—after every time you wrote darlin', wouldn't you?" He smiled slowly round on the seated group busy in the sunlit shelter, and proceeded carefully to swathe his beloved rifle in its waterproof case. "Anybody got a fag," he said; "that one be'ind your ear 'll do 'Enery."

"Where's all that lot you got by bein' a lonely soldier?" asked his neighbour.

"All you Swan oppers ought to know," Bill retorted; "you and Fritz scoffed 'em amongst you." The cigarette changed hands. "That reminds me, I must send 'er a chit thanking her from the stricken field. I'll tell 'er she's been adopted by the platoon," and he drew out his Swan and joined the writers. "Yuss," he



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murmured between puffs, "these little chaps are a dead sight mightier than a sword or even a rifle; it's a long shot from 'ere to Portman Square." Then he wrote aloud in melodrama fashion:—"Dear Lady,—I write these few lines to say I am in good health with the Swan Fountain Pen you sent, for which my grateful thanks, as well as the ciggerettes and other comforts. They was greatly liked by the fellow-comrids of my section, likewise by some 'un prisoners. Both the pen and the fags was the favourite brand of the Army.—Yours respectably, William Smith." And again he murmured, "the pen is mightier than the sword if it's the right sort of pen."

Help Poland

Q THOUGH it may tax us to the uttermost, we have our part to play in the Great War drama. We do not share the honour of the first-line trenches with our soldiers, but we must be worthy of them at home. No cry of a starving refugee must fall on deaf ears. The cry of Poland is a very bitter one: it is a long way off, but it is clear, and we can hear it quite plainly. There is no greater tragedy in this war than the devastation of Poland. Imagine for a moment what it would mean if England had been so devastated and if her people were broken and starving—if those formerly well-to-do were waiting their turn for a daily ration of soup. It is so in Poland, where women with children in their arms have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion. In our gratitude that England has escaped a like fate we must add this to our many responsibilities and cheerfully answer the call of help from Poland. Mr. Eveleigh Nash is the honorary treasurer of the Great Britain to Poland Fund, and will welcome subscriptions, however small, which are sent to him at 36, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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Poland has been cruelly wounded; but her enemies can never kill her soul; and to us whose homes have not been violated, or our children dying of want, she calls, though she is far away and speaks only in a sigh. The Russian Government has organised assistance to help the thousands of refugees who have fled from the farms and hamlets of Poland, in order to escape the horrors of German invasion, for Germany, in addition to her many unspeakable crimes, is not only starving the people of that unhappy land, but is actually stealing their food. Despite the efforts of Russia to help these poor beings, who seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the fund, which is under

THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS,

can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the Allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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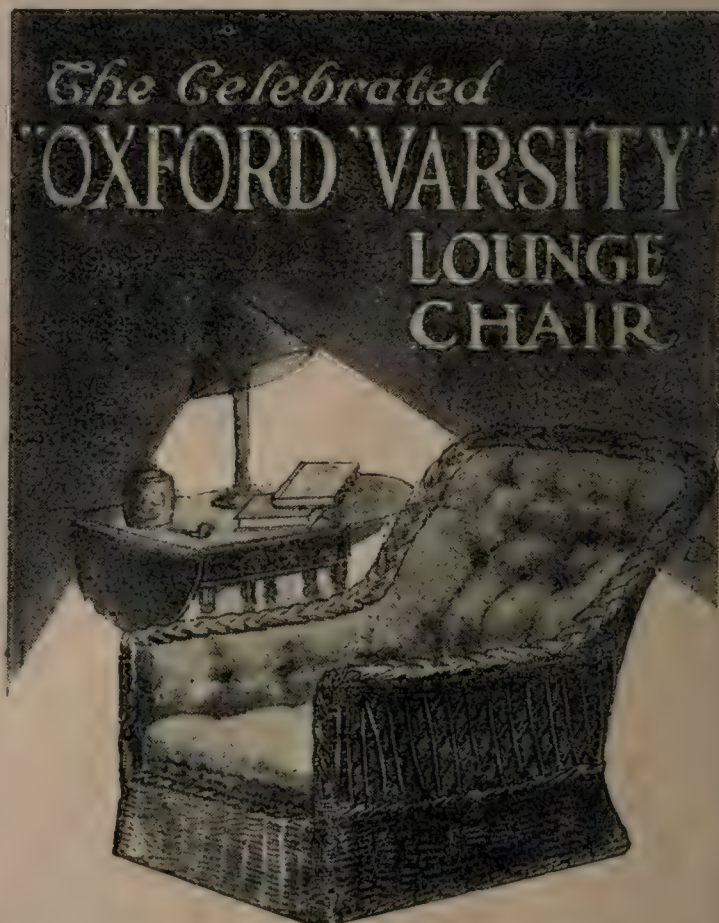
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THE
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JUNE, 1917

Milo

By Herbert Trench

I

MILo, the wrestler oiled, whom victories—
Six times the Pythian, six the Olympian—crowned,
Could shoulder a bullock, run the stadium round,
And in a day devour the beast with ease.
Thrice-happy too, in philosophic strength
Showed sumptuous ladies paths to Hera's shrine
And crushed his fellow-Greeks of Sybaris,
Haling their treasure to Crotona. In fine,
This subtlest of protagonists at length
Taught his folk, force was all, and all force his.

Sybaris was thy kin. Why then, Crotona,
Did Milo lead thee to crush Sybaris?
Why tortured he the men of Sybaris?
He coveted their golden port, Crotona!

One morning as the titan athlete went—
His mighty self-love nursing discontent—
By a forest path, some Dionysian storm
Of impulse spurred him to a feat enorm.
Cresting the Sila's granites, a strange Tree—
A boulder wedged its cloven trunk—to sea
Spread limbs of shade forth, westward, north, south, east.
Its high fantastic-rooted talons capt
The granite. It stood desolation-wrapt.
Mysterious, wounded, long, long had it stood
Deep-rifted, but a kindly fortitude. . . .

* Written during the Battle of Verdun.

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And Milo's pride of thew, restless, on edge,
Heaved out the boulder, made himself the wedge,
Thrust the gap wider—that old wound increased—
(Faint shivers running through the foliage)
Until the great bole writhed, sprang, caught him fast—
One arm locked in the yawning of the wood—
No more out of its shade to be released;—
Unless he transmigrate into this Tree
His body turns to a fetter, a prison, a grave!

Could such dumb wills, outside his will-to-be,
Have their own wounded being? Or did he rave?
That grip was real. Skywards without end
Its branch'd nerves did most curiously extend
As they might be the fibrils of a brain—
Stood he within the ganglions of some brain?

With what a movement strange the whole Tree moves
In thick-running waves of umbratility;
The heavy-fronded murmurer of the groves
Is dash'd by sudden inward beams—it moves
And lo! a pattern in its vapoury
Spirals unwreathing, spirals without end
Shaped into glimmering lights, a scatter'd train,
Corollas luminous, green nebulæ. . . .

Beneath stood Milo, prisoned. At the last
Madness, and ghostly wolves approaching fast,
Still in delirium, still defiantly,
Milo bragged on, shouting up boughs divine,
“*Who, then, art Thou, whose hold outwrestles mine?*”
Silence fell round him that for him was worse
Than mortal. . . .

But to You (whose name
Verse will not utter, lest it darken verse)
Who were a greater Milo by your fame
But a nation that, before the Multiverse
Fountain of souls, seems one whom nothing awes,
To You, light-headed with your own applause,
Taunting the world whose agony you cause—
Crying with the lips of Milo still the same
Insult—“*Who are Thou, to imprison me?*”
Immense boughs whisper back, “*Humanity!*”
Innumerable leaves, “*Humanity!*”

MILO

II

With what a movement strange the whole Tree moves,
That hath its roots down in the kingdoms pale
Of Hela, and whose boughs do overspread
The highest heaven. We ripen, we are shed—
But lo! a pattern in its vapoury
Spirals unwreathing, spirals without end
Shaped into glimmering lights, a scatter'd veil,
Corollas luminous, green nebulae
Whirled up in figured dance, each soul in station
(This fan-like rise of petals seems of souls)
Ascending, throbbing—systoles—diastoles—
By generations! Old Pythagoras
These may have numbered in his secret glass—
These, carrying up the spirals of creation;
These, that alone change forces into loves!

These glowing cores, the chaliced families,
What suns draw from a source deeper than these—
Nebulae, wreathing upwards from their fount,
Majestic in their dreams and in their traces?
They throw off paler confraternities,
The temple-guilds, religions of the races,
Formed but to echo their august vibration—
Image forth perpetually their solemn rise!
Floating up warm from narrow native ground
Even in the very need of each man's toil,
And the very pang that bids defend his soil
They become aware of other chalices,
Until with sense of all the rest inwound
They break, towards one will, within their bound,
And feel themselves as one, nation by nation,
Enlarging so the spirals of Creation.

Neither in men themselves, nor what they change
Or make, do lie the centres of the strange
Movement, wherewith the whole Tree moves.
Spacing men's minds to measured harmony
Its centres lie in little glowing cores,
They that alone change forces into loves.

Poetry and Education

By Sir Henry Newbolt

WE seem to be slowly but inevitably nearing the end of a great struggle, in which our Public Services have worked with unusual success. It is characteristic of our nation that we are already beginning to take account not so much of our successes as of our failures and weaknesses. A people gifted with sound nerves, an easy temperament, and exceptionally good practical instincts is naturally inclined to take life as it comes, and to spend less time and thought than others do upon scientific method. We are conscious of this as a weakness, and when anything goes wrong we are always quick to suppose that the failure must be due to some defect in our system. And as we believe at bottom in men rather than in services or institutions, the system which we criticise is generally our educational system, as that which produces the units of our power.

This consciousness of a defect, this particular trend of self-criticism, is, I believe, not a sign of weakness or overdue diffidence, but one more proof of the nation's practical instinct. We are not in the least danger of falling in love with machinery or of putting our trust in a *régime* of handcuffs and strait-waistcoats. But we are perhaps in danger of replacing one system by another without sufficiently ascertaining where the old one failed and in what way the new one will do better. A course of physical exercises may be more methodical than a walking tour or a month's sport, and yet less advantageous for a particular man or a particular purpose. If we are to be more scientific in our education, the first step must be towards a more scientific view of education: we must be clear about the meaning we give to the word. In the past we have never been clear about this except when we have been narrow; and, now that our view is rapidly widening, clearness is more desirable than ever. For lovers of literature this is

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especially true, for the value of literature in education has been almost more misunderstood than the value of science.

The poets have long been aware of this, and one of the greatest of them, writing just a hundred years ago during a great European war, has again and again thrown the broad light of genius across our line of thought. I say across and not along it, because in Wordsworth's day the question had a different aspect. In the *Prelude* it is Poetry and not Science which is driven to cry aloud against the futility of the current education. But the interests of the two are the same: both are activities of the human spirit. Life cannot pursue one of them to the exclusion of the other; for education both are indispensable, and confused thinking on this point must be fatal to both.

Wordsworth says that he reached his own point of view by chance, or rather by following what was for him an instinctive pleasure, the habit of walking on the highways and talking with those whom he met there.

"When I began to enquire,
To watch and question those I met, and speak
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools, in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of mankind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears revealed;
There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes. And—now convinced at heart
How little those formalities, to which
With over-weening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most; and called to make good search
If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance;
If virtue be indeed so hard to rear
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
I prized such walks still more."

Those formalities: the charge lies in these two words. Education, we are to understand, had gradually been narrowed down till it was not only limited to a small section of the population, but was rather an accomplishment, a mere elegance, than a development of character or a training for a life of any public utility. Wordsworth's opinion is that it had become a kind of intellectual full dress, as conventional as any fashionable clothes, and un-

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worthy of the name of education. This opinion it is possible to examine with some certainty, for it was made in circumstances well known to us. The poem in which it is expressed was begun in 1799 and finished in 1805. The passages which concern us now are to be found in the last few pages of it—that is to say, they were written at a time when this country was putting forth her powers, military, intellectual, and moral, in a world-wide struggle and at their highest pitch. The end was not yet in sight, but the success already won against superior force was in itself a sufficient answer to any merely carping criticism. It was not then with the practical or scientific training of his countrymen that Wordsworth was finding fault. The schools of the day escaped his criticism on that side, for they did not attempt to teach any kind of science except grammar, the rudimentary science of language. It was, therefore, on the side of the humanities that he thought them insufficient. It was a small class only that received “the education of a gentleman,” a smaller still that achieved any familiarity with the Classics; and even these few felt little of the effect of great literature. What they got was a knack of turning a sentence, a stock of imposing allusions to the names and stories of antiquity, and the power of pointing a speech with an apt line or two from Horace. Into such “formalities” as these had the teaching of Latin and Greek degenerated, according to Wordsworth’s evidence; and we may accept it as serious, for he had himself received a classical education, and loved the classics in spite of it.

What, then, was the remedy to which he turned? Did he advocate a different use of Homer and Horace, of Sophocles and Seneca—or even a return to the Aristotelian Ethics or Plato’s ideals of education? He did not: the line he took was not that of Reform but of Revolt; he threw both Antiquity and Authority overboard, and went elsewhere for what he needed. He went, as we have seen, to the common highways where he could meet his fellows, hear of the passions of mankind, the real feeling and just sense, and where he hoped to find evidence that virtue and intellectual strength were not incompatible with the life of a working man of any degree.

It is notable that although his revolt is a general one,

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against a whole system, he does not suggest that all who suffer from it should follow him out to the open road. It is to be his part to learn from human nature face to face, and then to pass on his acquired wisdom to the world. Having bent in reverence to Nature, and to men "as they are men within themselves":

"Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these . . .
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire: through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope—my theme
No other than the very heart of man . . .
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are."

In this remarkable plan of Wordsworth's for educating his fellows there are two more points which deserve illustrating from his poem. One is that although the method proposed is literary, it is not bookish. Wordsworth was not over-fond of books; he prefers the men who live

"Not uninformed by books, good books, though few,
In Nature's presence."

And he also says:

"Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel
How we mislead each other: above all
How books mislead us, seeking their reward
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see
By artificial lights: how they debase
The Many for the pleasures of those Few:
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the heads
That framed them: flattering self-conceit with words
That while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby Society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart."

This gives us a good general idea of the lines upon which he would have reviewed books—he would have approved the novel of sentiment rather than the novel of manners; he would certainly have preferred Charlotte Brontë to Jane Austen, Thackeray to Peacock, and Hardy to everybody

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else. It also shows that he would have been in all cases a severe critic. But he has fortunately left us in no doubt as to his appreciation of romance: he regarded it as naturally desirable and akin to poetry.

"A gracious spirit o'er the earth presides
And o'er the heart of man: invisibly
It comes, to works of unreprieved delight
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what they do.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances: legends penned
For solace, by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires: adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate:
These spread like day, and something in the shape
Of these will live till man shall be no more."

The reason given for this eternal persistence of romance is interesting:

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And *they must* have their food."

Especially is this so when the child is growing up into an uncongenial world, uneasy and unsettled, not yet tamed and humbled down to the yoke of custom:

"Oh! then we feel we feel
We know where we have friends—Ye dreamers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you, *then* we feel
With what and how great might ye are in league,
Who make our wish our power, our thought a deed,
An empire, a possession."

From this it is but a short step to the

"Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes—there
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And through the turnings intricate of verse
Present themselves as objects recognised
In flashes, and with glory not their own."

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Those who love poetry, and have thought upon it, will recognise in these passages, and especially in the one last quoted, so much evidence of deep thought, of a profound insight into the nature of the creative power from which all art proceeds, that they will not expect to hear them dealt with now in detail. It must be enough for us to mark the points upon which we summoned Wordsworth to speak, and pass on. His views are not entirely co-ordinated, or even thought out on scientific lines: they are rather a set of feelings, doubly his own by nature and by experience. They may be put down just as they occur, for they belong to, and must be eventually fitted into, a scheme which had not been imagined by Wordsworth or his contemporaries, and which even among ourselves has not yet been agreed upon. He thought then that the classics, *as taught in his time*, were worthless for education; that books in general came under the same condemnation, because they did not record or foster true feeling or knowledge of human nature; that human nature could be best studied in the largest and least sophisticated masses of men; that the lessons to be learned from it could best be gathered in and delivered to the young by poets and romancers; that the Poet especially has this power because he can create a "great Nature" by the mystery of words, a new world in which things are presented as objects recognised, but in flashes and with glory not their own. Lastly, it is noteworthy that the poets whom he had in mind were not ancient poets, but modern ones; even, it would appear, poets of the same age and country as those whom they are to teach.

Now there can be no doubt that some, if not all, of these opinions would have been hotly contested by his contemporaries, and there will probably be many now living who are convinced that our great-grandfathers' education was far better than Wordsworth knew. We need not enter upon this controversy, for the importance of Wordsworth's view for us lies not in its particular but in its universal aspect. His principles have a value, whether his estimate was just or unjust; and that value remains to our own day, when all the conditions are changed.

It is this change of which we have now to take account—a change which in 1805 was already in preparation, but apparently not yet in the least realised. It can hardly be

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said that science was unknown, for there existed on the one hand a number of men who loved knowledge of the material world and followed several lines of research under the name of natural philosophy; on the other hand, the practical problems of construction, transport, and manufacture were being solved with increasing success. But an advance on either of these two lines, the theoretical and the practical, was regarded rather as a discovery, a find in an unknown country, than as a step towards conquest of the whole known world. Life was being made more interesting and more comfortable, but the two processes had not yet been seen to be parts of a vastly greater change, that change by which man now sees himself to be no longer the almost helpless sport of natural forces, but the inheritor of powers by which he may before long master and direct them. The immense importance of this change, as Sir Ray Lankester pointed out in his famous Oxford address, lies not only in the fact of man's approaching mastery of the material world, but even more in his consciousness of his new position. We no longer explore, we organise; we think in world terms, and consider no problem satisfactorily stated unless all the possible factors are included. We no longer suffer evolution, we direct it; we see in a new light man's position in the world of nature and his relation to his fellow men. We even change our religion, for though we may retain our creed, it is the creed of a changed mind.

To a well-informed and unprejudiced observer nothing could seem more obvious than that a change of this magnitude must involve a change in our methods of education. But there are, for various reasons, comparatively few observers who are both well informed and unprejudiced. Over hardly any other subject is there seething and swirling such a welter of stormy feeling and confused thought. The tumult is set in motion from the scientific side, but not by a single current, or even by two. The appeal of the leaders of scientific thought is accompanied by the outcry of those who are merely impressed by the practical results of science, and desire no education that is not concerned with material things. A still lower class measure education by its bearing upon commercial success; and to these must be added those who have suffered from a lifelong feeling of inferiority, and would, they imagine, be in some

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way bettered by a turn of the tables. From the opposite direction come equally strong appeals: first, that of the true Humanists, to whom we should do well to listen. But these labour under a special difficulty. The separation between the classics and science has been so complete that the competent scholar rarely has any familiarity with scientific ideas. He knows how much he owes to the classics, and he does not believe that he could have got the same or any equivalent advantage from science. The value of his opinion is diminished then by his onesidedness; and it is too often still further diminished by the fact that he is in many cases a tradesman and his scholarship his only stock in trade. He cannot see that it *may* be an undesirable stock in trade, and is certainly one for which at present there is only a forced demand. Many a scholar at our universities may be not unjustly described as one who is buying the classics in order to sell them compulsorily to the next generation, that they may do the same in turn; yet he does not like to hear this system described as a vicious circle. If again we look at those who have done well in the classics and yet do not make their living by them, we shall find that they have either neglected their Latin and Greek in later life, or kept them up as an amusement, or a kind of freemasonry. The amusement is a pleasant one; the sense of privilege is also agreeable to many who seek no other distinction; but such considerations are out of date in a discussion on education. The scholar, then, does not make a very impressive witness, but he has two really good points: the value of literature as mental experience, and the value of language as mental gymnastic; and though he may make too sure of his system being the only trustworthy one, he has, at any rate, the advantage of being able to point to a long and not wholly disastrous past, while the alternative method must, he urges, be an experiment.

We need not stay to complete this list of the various points of view from which the subject is being debated; we have gone perhaps far enough to establish the fact that there is something like a chaos of opinions. Moreover, even those who have good evidence to give use it as an argument and not as evidence, disputatiously and not scientifically. The argument from the past is a striking example of this; the classicists point to all that is satis-

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factory in our public services, the scientists to all that is unsatisfactory; both assert that this state of things, good or bad, is due to our system of education. Both are here guilty of a common fallacy: they forget that a result may have more causes than one. Training is not the only force which affects development. But let us grant that in the development of character and ability education is the most important of the forces at work; we may still be the victims of another fallacy—that is, another failure in scientific thought. Education is a word which is capable of being used in two meanings, and is, in fact, so used unconsciously in this debate. Broadly, it means the process by which man's powers are "brought out" or developed, and includes, or should include, all the influences which life brings to bear upon him. But narrowly, and especially in the present chaotic dispute, it is used as almost equivalent to "curriculum" and includes nothing beyond the influences of school and schoolmasters. I hasten to add that schoolmasters are less often guilty of this fallacy than any other class of men; they realise better than most the difference between instruction and education. But they should realise also that they are themselves doing more for their pupils out of school than in school. Their error lies in their blind submission to an impossible system. They rely not so much upon themselves as upon their subject, and this subject they misuse, under orders from above. It would be incredible if it were not a fact centuries old, that the most beautiful and revered works of antiquity, those which you maintain to be unmatched for the strengthening and ennobling of the mind in youth, even those you tear to pieces and defile daily as grammatical exercises. Take your finest marble statue, break it up and give the pieces to your boys to be thrown about in their gymnastic training; when their muscles have developed sufficiently you may hope to put it together again, clean it, and set it up for their æsthetic education, but you will be doing a foolish thing. Of your hundred boys ninety-seven will have left you before the final stage; they are not taking an æsthetic education. Of the remaining three, two will regret that you have spoiled for them a beauty which they would otherwise have enjoyed; the hundredth will be the one fortunate enough to be born

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with the gift for language—grammatical exercises will have cost him no effort, and his delight in beauty will neither have been inspired nor injured by you.

Let us now state as briefly as possible what we expect or desire from Education, and compare with this the results which we have obtained in the past, and those which we may look for in the future under a reformed system.

Everyone, I imagine, will agree that the object of education is to fit men for life. But life is a highly complex activity and needs many kinds of fitness. As to the relative value of these there is, of course, a natural and fundamental difference of belief among men; but in whatever order they may be placed, it must always be agreed that the intellectual, the æsthetic, and the moral activities of the human spirit should all be trained and stimulated. Science is the province of the intellect, Art of the æsthetic power, and Conduct of the moral sense; we live not in any one of these provinces, but in the united kingdom of all three, and we warp and deform ourselves if we try to lead a separate existence within the boundaries of one only. The three natural affections of the human spirit are the love of truth, the love of beauty, and the love of righteousness; man loves all these by nature, for their own sake, and no system of education can claim to be adequate if it does not help him to develop these natural and disinterested loves. Further, I think everyone would upon reflection agree that on all these three sides the first necessity is to secure clearness of vision. "A haziness of intellectual vision," said Cardinal Newman, "is the malady of all classes of men by nature . . . of all who have not had a really good education." I have before pointed out that haziness of æsthetic vision is equally fatal to the artist or poet. If he cannot clearly seize the subject of his intuition he cannot express or re-create it in lines of beauty; the more hazy his perception, the more inferior his style will be. "*Quand on se contente*," says Joubert, "*de comprendre à demi, on se contente aussi d'exprimer à demi, et alors on écrit facilement*." I need not add that to write with facility is to write badly. All great Art is difficult—as difficult as it is rare. So is great Morality, and it too depends fundamentally upon clearness of vision. It may be said of Shakespeare, in answer to those who deplore his

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conduct, that he unquestionably had this clearness of vision; he could not always govern his impulses, but he never gave a false account of them.

Again I think that we might all be agreed upon the necessity of mental freedom and an abundance of ideas. Not only men of science but poets have felt this necessity. Matthew Arnold, breathing with difficulty the air of the Victorian world, longed for that of the great ages of literature. "In the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, the England of William Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative powers: society was permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive . . . all the books in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this." But he admits that they *are* useful. "Books and reading may enable men to create a kind of semblance of it in their own minds, a world of knowledge and intelligence wherein they may live and work." It is true that in his own day Matthew Arnold despaired of finding sympathy for his ideas. "The notion of the free play of mind on all subjects being a pleasure in itself . . . an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit . . . must in the long run die of inanition—this hardly enters an Englishman's head." In this respect we are not now as we were: it has entered the heads of so many Englishmen to desire this free play of mind that if all the good heads were laid together instead of being knocked against one another, we should easily be saved from the inanition we dread. And this suggests one more desideratum in education—the spread of a wider sense of common life and common effort than we have yet experienced.

Let us now take stock of our past, and see how we stand with regard to these elements of training for life, and what is the value of the offers made to us from different quarters. First, that clearness of vision which we all believe to be so vitally necessary is in its very nature scientific. It is scientific not only when it is shown in the measurements and comparisons of material substances, but when it is found in Art and Morals. In Morals it is moral because it makes measurements and comparisons of conduct, and becomes justice, tolerance, scrupulousness, or self-restraint. In Poetry it appears as that "fundamental

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brain-work" which, as Rossetti said, "makes the difference in all Art." It even provides the indispensable raw material of Poetry, as I have shown elsewhere, the very substance which by transmutation is to become a new and less perishable world. In the broadest sense, then, we have always lived by the help of Science, and the more we have sought that help the finer has been our life.

What now of the freedom and flow of ideas? Under what system is that likely to be stimulated and kept up? What is the evidence which has come down to us from the past? Have vitalising ideas been most often generated and distributed by authority or by experiment—by transmission from greater predecessors or by the increased vigour and variety of contemporary life? No doubt they have come from both sources. It is generally agreed that the actual power of the human intellect has not increased since the time of Plato, and that the rediscovery of the Greek writers poured a tide of new ideas into the brain of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, it does not appear that books were ever the only motive force in an age of intellectual expansion. Matthew Arnold possibly thought so; he speaks with regret of the Greece of Sophocles, the England of Shakespeare. But he might with equal truth have spoken of the Greece of the Ionic Confederacy and the England of the Merchant Venturers; for these were periods in which political and commercial enterprise were at as high a tide as literature. So, too, was scientific thought; for Aristotle lived in the same century with the Greek tragedians, and while Shakespeare was writing plays Bacon was protesting in the *Novum Organum* against the everlasting distillation of ideas from ideas, and advocating a return to experiment as the true method of science.

The recollection of Bacon's work may act as a warning to us; we must not repeat in our education the mistake against which he protested, the mistake of trying to live on ideas detached from experience. We may get our ideas from literature or from science, but we must get them living. Our education must not be too abstract; it must be drawn from that life which it is to teach. The paradox is a perfectly intelligible one—we must learn to swim before we can be safe in the water, but also we must enter the water if we are to learn to swim. The knowledge of the world

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which is desired to fit us for life is twofold—a knowledge of men and a knowledge of things. Hitherto the first of these two has been our chief care, and in this respect we Britons have no reason to reproach ourselves. From time to time both our enemies and our allies have admired the results of our system: our people have been described as the only grown-up nation in Europe, the only nation with a genius for politics—that is, for life in a great society. Our leading classes have been able and ready to lead wherever the qualities required have been qualities of character. It is not here, but on the scientific side, the methodical and intellectual side, that we have shown inferiority, that we have even, it would seem, preferred inferiority. The danger of the present situation lies precisely in the fact that we have been strong on one side and weak on the other; there would be less partisanship if we had done badly all round. It will be a disaster if the literary education is entirely ousted by the scientific; it will be a still greater disaster if the demands of the friends of science are repelled. First because they are right in saying that to deal with humanity only and not with the material world is impossible, and that we cannot live the life of man as he now is without learning to understand better his physical conditions and opportunities. Time must be made for this study, and that means that the timetable must be shared more equally between Science and Literature. The advantages offered in return for this sacrifice have been admirably stated by the Poet Laureate in a recent speech. “We have no wish to exclude the humanistic side of learning, with its necessary study of Greek. Those who most value that are too well aware of its advantages to fear that its serious study can ever be supplanted. But for the ordinary schoolboy natural science has one great superiority, which is this, that whereas the grammatical rudiments of Greek are of no value—above other grammatical rudiments—except as a key to Greek style and thought, so that a boy who learns them imperfectly or never gets beyond them gains nothing from them and is never likely to make any use of them whatever; on the other hand the rudiments of natural science are in and for themselves rewarding, and in all its stages this learning is of value to a man,

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for it tells of the things among which he must pass his life and is a constant source of intellectual pleasure and of usefulness, and it is the living Grammar of the universe, without which no man can ever hope to read in its full significance the epic of his spiritual experience."

Mr. Bridges prefaces this with a warning against the mischief which might be done by preachers of dogmatic materialism. As to that, we must hope that the leaders of scientific thought will prevent the establishment of a Church of Science with a new orthodoxy of consecrated hypotheses based on a partial survey of the evidence. Another warning he might have added, against expecting—with Science any more than with the Classics—good results from bad teaching. If the rudiments of science are taught as a mass of unco-ordinated facts, and not as the data of great generalisations, they will prove as useless as the rudiments of Greek. But if they are so taught as to give the student a glimpse of the passion for truth, the sense of fellowship, and the disinterestedness, which are the cause and the accompaniment of true scientific work, then I think Mr. Bridges has even understated his case. We shall not go far in the study of any science without gaining from it something more than the promised reward of knowledge and efficiency. In principle Science is bound by nature to be emotionless, impartial, prosaic; but in fact its high laws cannot long be contemplated without irresistible emotion. If Beauty is Truth, so is Truth Beauty. We need not ask why; but the passion for truth of reason in the material world is not far removed from the passion for truth of feeling in those other worlds of art and conduct. It will stir men to the same sacrifice, and reward them with the same spiritual peace. Let us welcome Science, then, and give up the hours that are necessary; with those that remain to Literature we can still do better than we have done in the past. Even for its own sake our literary education has hitherto had too much time allotted to it. With all the term before them our teachers have laboured too slowly and too heavily. No poem, no history, however fine, will stand being read so many hours a week for thirteen weeks. Even a promising pupil who began the term with a certain appetite for the new book is sick with indigestion before the end, and looks back with

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disgust on the process by which his food has been chopped small into a kind of intellectual forcemeat. With what a different heart does he devour Homer or Virgil or Cicero's Letters, if some more humane master offer to read them with him out of hours! It is a real experience of life, for he is at the same moment in contact with two characters of men—tangible in the style of the one and the comments and preferences of the other. There is nothing wanting, for the author has been understood; and nothing that can be lost, for the touches of character make impressions that are deeper than memory. If we give up half the week to Science, we can perhaps no longer afford to teach literature as grammar or as archæology, but we shall still have ample time to teach it as literature. We need not despair because we cannot teach it all; the years of youth never did suffice for any complete study, and they never will. It is not even to be regretted; as Anatole France has said, "*Ne vous flattez pas d'enseigner un grand nombre de choses . . . mettez l'étincelle aux esprits. D'eux-mêmes ils s'éprendront par l'endroit où ils sont sensibles.*"

Here, then, is something to aim at; by putting the spark to these young spirits, which are, after all, inflammable enough by nature, we can give them the chance of catching fire, here or there. But if it proves to be literature that fires them, we can do more than that. Literary art is not a method of decoration, it is a method of expression; to read poetry is to come in contact not with a pattern but with a personality, to be taken into a living world. Into such a world if a young reader once fairly enters he cannot come out of it without change, if, indeed, he can ever come out of it entirely. And when he has undergone the transforming influence of the greatest art of his own country, still further changes of the same kind are open to him; he can enter into the literature of other countries and undergo the magic of words that are not his own natural inheritance. The value claimed by the Classicists for Latin and Greek is a real value, but it is one which does not exceed that which is to be got from the best modern languages. In the literature of France, Italy, Spain, or Russia we may become familiar not merely with new thoughts, but with new forms of thought. The Welsh and Irish are right to preserve their own tongues; these are no small part of

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their national character, and by the power to think in two languages they are our superiors. Not only is the mind improved as an instrument; it is, in a sense, enriched or doubled. "When I learn a new language," said the Emperor Charles, "I seem to acquire another soul." At the least we may hope to acquire touch with another soul, the soul of one of the neighbours with whom our national life must bring us into contact. The Roman soul and the ancient Greek soul are good for us too, but it would be difficult in the present state of civilisation to claim for them an equal importance, for we do not share an armed world with them.

I am not now speaking of grammar—that is a branch of science and must take its chance with other sciences. I am only thinking of Literature, of Poetry, and of the manner in which it may be used. The difficulty will be first to persuade those in authority that poetry is the record of man's most vital experience, and that this is as true now as it was in Virgil's time. Secondly, it will be hard to persuade them that the teacher must be allowed to impart his author and himself, without mangling or dissecting too closely the written word, and without shrinking from any question raised by the reading. We and our predecessors were confused and misled in boyhood by the shamefaced select editions of Ovid, Horace, and Martial which were put before us as the works of great men. The rest of them we read for ourselves, but could not ask what we were to think of the grossness, the cynicism, and the cruelty there displayed. If the same system is to be followed with Chaucer and Shakespeare, the confusion will be worse still; the boys who read them without frank guidance in their most impressionable years will lose the incomparable lesson of their human infirmity and their superhuman nobility. Finally, the method of examination must be changed; if scraps of archæology and grammar have not been crammed into the pupil, obviously they cannot be demanded of him. He must be asked such reasonable questions as might occur in conversation upon the subject between two intelligent and interested talkers, and he must be classed according as he answers them in his own way, with understanding and sincerity. No boy who can read a poem with pleasure is too young to be asked what he

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thinks of it : the spiritual experiences of the young are often not less but more keen than those of their elders.

The scheme which I have faintly outlined may prove to be unacceptable to those in authority, those who rivet the chains of education upon our schools. If so, we who are not in authority must do our best to correct and supplement a defective system. By all means in our power we must see that the generations which are to be touched by the great scientific minds shall be touched also by the great creative minds. They must have the poets brought to them, and brought by those who will speak of them as they are. It is not difficult to imagine an edition of the English poets for boys which would be as willingly read out of school as any Greek or Latin author in the classroom. This would be near to the fulfilment of Wordsworth's plan, and that is saying a great thing in its favour, for no one has ever better understood the nature and value of poetry than Wordsworth, or spoken more clearly of it in verse and prose. One passage in his best-known essay is extraordinarily appropriate to our present position and the subject before us. "Poetry," he has said, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . . In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs—in spite of things gone silently out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. . . . Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man."

In the World (iii)*

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

I RAN away in the spring. One morning when I went to the shop for bread the shopkeeper, continuing a quarrel with his wife in my presence, struck her on the forehead with a weight. She ran into the street, and there fell down; people began to gather round at once. The woman was laid on a stretcher and carried to the hospital, and I ran behind the cab which took her there without noticing where I was going, till I found myself on the banks of the Volga with two grevans in my hand.

The spring sun shone caressingly, the broad expanse of the Volga flowed before me, the earth was full of sound and spacious—and I had been living like a mouse in a trap. So I made up my mind that I would not return to my master, nor would I go to grandmother at Kunavin, for as I had not kept my word to her I was ashamed to go and see her, and grandfather would only gloat over my misfortunes.

For two or three days I wandered by the riverside, being fed by kind-hearted porters, and sleeping with them in their shelters. At length one of them said to me:

"It is no use for you to hang about here, my boy, I can see that. Go over to the boat which is called *The Good*, they want a washer-up."

I went; the tall, bearded steward in a black silk skull cap looked at me through his glasses with his dim eyes, and said quietly:

"Two roubles a month. Your passport?"

I had no passport. The steward pondered and then said:

"Bring your mother to see me."

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

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I rushed to grandmother. She approved the course I had taken, told grandfather to go to the workman's court and get me a passport, and herself accompanied me to the boat.

"Good!" said the steward, looking at us. "Come along."

He then took me to the stern of the boat where sat at a small table, drinking tea and smoking a fat cigar at the same time, an enormous cook in a white overall and a white cap. The steward pushed me towards him.

"The washer-up."

Then he went away, and the cook, snorting, and with his black moustache bristling, called after him:

"You engage any sort of devil as long as he is cheap."

Angrily tossing his head of closely cropped hair, he opened his dark eyes very wide, stretched himself, puffed, and cried shrilly:

"And who may you be?"

I did not like the appearance of this man at all. Although he was all in white he looked dirty; there was a sort of wool growing on his fingers, and hairs stuck out of his great ears.

"I am hungry," was my reply to him.

He blinked, and suddenly his ferocious countenance was transformed by a broad smile, his fat, brick-red cheeks widened to his very ears, he displayed his large, equine teeth, his moustache drooped—he had all at once assumed the appearance of a kind, fat woman.

Throwing the tea out of his glass overboard, he poured out a fresh one for me, and pushed a French roll and a large piece of sausage towards me.

"Peg away! Are your parents living? Can you steal? You needn't be afraid; they are all thieves here. You will soon learn."

He talked as if he were barking. His enormous, blue, clean-shaven face was covered—all round the nose—with red veins closely set together, his swollen purple nose hung over his moustache. His lower lip was disfiguringly pendulous; in the corner of his mouth was stuck a smoking cigarette. Apparently he had only just come from the bath—he smelt of birch twigs, and a profuse sweat glistened on his temples and neck.

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After I had drunk my tea he gave me a rouble note.

"Run along and buy yourself two aprons with this. Wait—I will buy them for you myself."

He set his cap straight and came with me, swaying ponderously, and his feet pattering on the deck like those of a bear.

At night the moon shone brightly as she ran away from the boat to the meadows on the left. The old red boat with its streaked funnel did not hurry, and her propeller splashed unevenly in the silvery water. The dark shore gently floated to meet her, casting its shadow on the water, and beyond the windows of the peasant huts gleamed charmingly. They were singing in the village—the girls were merry-making and singing, and when they sang "Aie Ludi" it sounded like "Alleluia."

In the wake of the steamer a large barge, also red, was being towed by a long rope; the deck was railed in like an iron cage, and in this cage were convicts, condemned to deportation or prison. On the prow of the barge the bayonet of a sentry shone like a candle. It was quiet on the barge itself; the moon bathed her in a rich light; behind the black iron grating could be seen, dimly, grey patches—these were the convicts looking out on the Volga. The water sobbed, now weeping, now laughing timidly. It was as quiet here as in church, and there was the same smell of oil.

As I looked at the barge I remembered my early childhood—the journey from Astrakhan to Nijni, the iron faces of mother and grandmother, the person who had introduced me to this interesting though hard life—in the world. And when I thought of grandmother, all that I found so bad and repulsive in life seemed to leave me, everything was transformed and became more interesting, pleasanter; people seemed to be better and nicer altogether.

The beauty of the nights moved me almost to tears, and especially the barge, which looked so like a coffin, and so solitary on the broad expanse of the flowing river in the pensive quietness of the warm night. The uneven lines of the shore, now rising, now falling, stirred the imagination pleasantly—I longed to be good, and to be of use to others.

The people on our steamboat had a peculiar stamp.

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They seemed to me to be all alike—young and old, men and women. The boat travelled slowly; the busy folk travelled by fast boat, and all the lazy rascals came on our boat. They sang and ate, and soiled any amount of cups and plates, knives and forks and spoons, from morning to night. My work was to wash up and clean the knives and forks, and I was busy with this work from six in the morning till close on midnight. During the day from two till six o'clock, and in the evening from ten till midnight, I had less work to do, for at those times the passengers took a rest from eating, and only drank tea, beer, and vodka. All the buffet attendants, my chiefs, were free at that time too. The cook, Smouri, drank tea at a table near the hatchway with his assistant, Jaakov Ivanich, the kitchen-man, Maxim, and Sergei, the saloon steward, a humpback with high cheek-bones, and pitted with smallpox, and he had oily eyes. Jaakov told all sorts of nasty stories, bursting out into sobbing laughs and showing his long, green teeth. Sergei stretched his frog-like mouth to his ears; frowning Maxim was silent, gazing at them with stern, colourless eyes.

"Asiatic! Mordovan!" said the old cook now and again in his deep voice.

I did not like these people. Fat, bald Jaakov Ivanich spoke of nothing but women, and that always filthily. He had a vacant-looking face covered with bluish pimples; on one cheek he had a mole with a tuft of red hair growing from it. He used to pull out these hairs by twisting them round a needle. Whenever an amiable, sprightly passenger of the female sex appeared on the boat he waited upon her in a peculiar timid manner like a beggar: on his lips appeared a soap-like foam, he spoke to her sweetly and plaintively, he licked her, as it were, with the swift movements of his unclean tongue. For some reason I used to think that such great fat creatures ought to be hangmen.

"One should know how to get round women," he would teach Sergei and Maxim, who would listen to him much impressed, pouting their lips and turning red.

"Asiatics!" Smouri would roar in accents of disgust, and standing up heavily he gave the order: "Pyeshkov, march!"

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In his cabin he would hand me a little book bound in leather, and lying in his hammock by the wall of the ice-house:

"Read!" he would say.

I sat on a box and read conscientiously:

"The *umbra* projected by the stars means that one is on good terms with heaven and free from profanity and vice."

Smouri, smoking a cigarette, puffed out the smoke and growled:

"Camels! They wrote——"

"Baring the left bosom means innocence of heart."

"Whose bosom?"

"It does not say."

"A woman's it means. Eh, and a loose woman."

He closed his eyes and lay with his arms behind his head; his cigarette, hardly alight, stuck in the corner of his mouth, he set it straight with his tongue, stretched so that something whistled in his chest, and his enormous face was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Sometimes I thought he had fallen asleep and I left off reading and examined the accursed book which bored me to nausea. But he said hoarsely:

"Go on reading!"

"The venerable one answered, "Look! My dear brother Suvyerin——""

"Syevyeverin——"

"It is written Suvyerin."

"Well, that's a witchcraft. There is some poetry at the end, run on from there."

I ran on.

"Profane ones, curious to know our business,
Never will your weak eyes spy it out,
Nor will you learn how the fairies sing."

"Wait!" said Smouri. "That is not poetry. Give me the book!"

He angrily turned over the thick blue leaves, and then put the book away under the mattress.

"Get me another one."

To my grief there were many books in his black trunk clamped with iron. There were "Precepts of Peace,"

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"Memories of the Artillery," "Letters of Lord Sydanhall," "Concerning Noxious Insects and their Extinction, with Advice against the Pest"—books which seemed to have no beginning and no end. Sometimes the cook set me to turn over all his books and read out their titles to him, but as soon as I had begun he called out angrily: "What is it all about? Why do you speak through your teeth? It is impossible to understand you. What the devil has Gervase to do with me? Gervase! *Umbra* indeed!"

Terrible words, incomprehensible names were wearily remembered, and they tickled my tongue. I had an incessant desire to repeat them, thinking that perhaps by pronouncing them I might discover their meaning. And outside the port-hole the water unweariedly sang and splashed. It would have been pleasant to go to the stern where the sailors and stokers were gathered together amongst the chests, where the passengers played cards, sang songs, and told interesting stories. It would have been pleasant to sit amongst them and listen to simple, intelligible conversation, to gaze on the banks of the Kama at the fir trees drawn out like brass wires, at the meadows wherein small lakes remained from the floods, looking like pieces of broken glass as they reflected the sun.

Our steamer was travelling at some distance from the shore, yet the sounds of invisible bells came to us, reminding us of the villages and people. The barks of the fishermen floated on the waves like crusts of bread; there on the bank a little village appeared; here a crowd of small boys bathing in the river; men in red blouses could be seen passing along a narrow strip of sand. Seen from a distance, from the river it was a very pleasing sight; everything looked like tiny toys of many colours.

I felt a desire to call out some kind, tender words to the shore and the barge. The latter interested me greatly; I could look at it for an hour at a time as it dipped its blunt nose in the turbid water. The boat dragged it along as if it were a pig; the tow rope, slackening, lashed the water, then once more drew taut and pulled the barge along by the nose. I wanted very much to see the faces of those people who were kept like wild animals in an iron cage. At Perm, where they were landed, I made my way to the gangway, and past me came, in batches of ten, grey people,

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trampling dully, rattling their fetters, bowed down by their heavy knapsacks; there were all sorts—young and old, handsome and ugly, all exactly like ordinary people except that they were differently dressed and were disfiguringly close shaven. No doubt these were robbers, but grandmother had told me so much that was good about robbers. Smouri looked much more like a fierce robber than they, as he glanced loweringly at the barge and said loudly:

“Save me, God, from such a fate!”

Once I asked him:

“Why do you say that? You cook while those others kill and steal.”

“I don’t cook—I only prepare. The women cook,” he said, bursting out laughing, and after thinking a moment he added: “The difference between one person and another lies in stupidity. One man is clever, another not so clever, and a third may be quite a fool. And to become clever one must read the right books—black magic—and what else? One must read all kinds of books and then one will find the right ones.”

He was continually impressing upon me:

“Read! When you don’t understand a book read it again and again as many as seven times, and if you do not understand it then read it a dozen times.”

To everyone on the boat, not excluding the taciturn steward, Smouri spoke roughly, sticking out his lower lip as if he were disgusted, and, stroking his moustache, he pelted them with words as if they were stones. But to me he always showed kindness and interest, but there was something about his interest which rather frightened me. Sometimes I thought he was crazy like grandmother’s sister. At times he said to me:

“Leave off reading.”

And he would lie for a long time with closed eyes, breathing stertorously, his great stomach shaking; his hairy fingers, folded corpse-like on his chest, moved—knitting invisible socks with invisible needles. Suddenly he would begin growling:

“Here are you! You have your intelligence. Go and live! But intelligence is given sparingly and not to all alike. If all were on the same level intellectually—but they are not. One understands, another does not—and

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there are some people who do not even wish to understand!"

Stumbling over his words, he related stories of his life as a soldier, the drift of which I could never manage to catch. They seemed very uninteresting to me; besides, he did not tell them from the beginning but as he recollected them.

"The commander of the regiment called this soldier to him and asked, 'What did the lieutenant say to you?' So he told everything just as it had happened—a soldier is bound to tell the truth—but the lieutenant looked at him as if he had been a wall, and then turned away, hanging his head. Yes——"

He became indignant, puffed out clouds of smoke, and growled:

"How was I to know what I could say and what I should not say? Then the lieutenant was condemned to be shut up in a fortress, and his mother said—ah, my God!—I am not learned in anything."

It was hot. Everything seemed to be quivering and tinkling; the water splashed against the iron walls of the cabin, and the wheel of the boat rose and fell. The river flowed in a broad stream between the rows of lights. In the distance could be seen the line of the meadowed bank; the trees drooped. When one's hearing had become accustomed to all the sounds it seemed as if all was quiet, although the soldiers in the stern of the boat howled dismally:

"Se—e—even! Se—e—even!"

I had no desire to take part in anything. I wanted neither to listen nor to work, but only to sit somewhere in the shadows where there was no greasy, hot smell of cooking, to sit and gaze, half asleep, at the quiet, sluggish life as it slipped away on the water.

"Read!" the cook commanded harshly.

Even the head steward was frightened of him, and that mild man of few words, the dining-room steward, who looked like a sandre, was evidently afraid of Smouri too.

"Ei! You swine!" he would cry to this man. "Come here! Thief! Asiatic!"

The sailors and stokers were very respectful to him,

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and expectant of favours. He gave them the meat from which soup had been made, and inquired after their homes and their families. The oily and smoke-dried white Russian stokers were counted the lowest people on the boat; they were all called by one name—Yaks, and they were teased: "Like a Yak I amble along the shore."

When Smouri heard this he bristled up, his face became suffused with blood, and he roared at the stokers:

"Why do you allow them to laugh at you, you mugs? Throw some sauce in their faces."

Once the boatswain, a handsome but ill-natured man, said to him:

"They are the same as Little Russians—they hold the same faith."

The cook seized him by the collar and belt, lifted him up in the air, and said, shaking him:

"Shall I knock you to smithereens?"

They quarrelled often, these two, sometimes it even came to a fight, but Smouri was never beaten, he was possessed of a superhuman strength, and besides this, the captain's wife, with a masculine face and smooth hair like a boy's, was on his side.

He drank a terrible amount of vodka, but he never got drunk. He began to drink the first thing in the morning, drinking up a whole bottle in four gulps, and after that he sipped beer till close on evening. His face gradually grew brown, his eyes widened.

Sometimes in the evening he sat in the hatchway, looking large and white for hours without breaking his silence, and his eyes were fixed gloomily on the distant horizon. At those times they were all more afraid of him than ever, but I was sorry for him. Jaakov Ivanich would come out from the kitchen, perspiring and glowing with the heat, and scratching his bald skull and waving his arm, he would take cover or say from a distance:

"The fish has gone off."

"Well, there is the salted cabbage."

"But if they ask for fish soup or boiled fish?"

"It is ready. They can begin gobbling."

Sometimes I plucked up courage to go to him. He looked at me heavily:

"What do you want?"

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"Nothing."

"Good."

On one of these occasions, however, I asked him :

"Why is everyone afraid of you? For you are good——"

Contrary to my expectations he did not get angry.

"I am only good to you."

But he added distinctly, simply and thoughtfully :

"But it is true that I am good to everyone, only I do not show it. It does not do to show that to people or they will be all over you. They will crawl over those who are kind as if they were mounds in a morass, and trample on them. Go and get me some beer."

Having drunk the bottle, he sucked his moustache and said :

"If you were older, my bird, I could teach you a lot. I have something to say to a man. I am no fool—but you must read books—in them you will find all you need. They are not rubbish—books. Would you like some beer?"

"I don't care for it."

"Good boy! And you do well not to drink it. Drunkenness is a misfortune. Vodka is the devil's own business. If I were rich I would spur you on to study. An uninstructed man is an ox—fit for nothing but the yoke, or to serve as meat—all he can do is to wave his tail."

The captain's wife gave him a volume of Gogol. I read "The Terrible Vengeance," and was delighted with it, but Smouri cried angrily :

"Rubbish! A fairy-tale! I know—there are other books."

He took the book away from me, obtained another book from the captain's wife, and ordered me harshly :

"Read 'Tarass'—what do you call it? Find it! She says it is good—good for whom? It may be good for her but not for me, eh? She cuts her hair short—it is a pity her ears were not cut off too."

When Tarass called upon Tarass to fight, the cook laughed loudly.

"That's the way! Of course! You have learning, but I have strength! What do they say about it? Camels——"

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He listened with great attention, but often grumbled: "Rubbish! You couldn't cut a man in half from his shoulders to his haunches—it can't be done. And you can't thrust a pike upwards—it would break it. I have been a soldier myself."

Andrei's treachery aroused his disgust:

"There's a mean creature, eh? Like women! Tfoo!"

But when Tarass killed his son the cook let his feet slip from the hammock, bent himself double and wept—the tears trickled down his cheeks, splashed upon the deck as he breathed stertorously and muttered:

"Oh, my God, my God!"

And suddenly he shouted to me:

"Go on reading, you bone of the devil!"

Again he wept, with even more violence and bitterness, when I read how Ostar cried out before his death, "Father, dost thou hear?"

"Ruined utterly!" exclaimed Smouri. "Utterly! Is that the end? Ekh! What an accursed business! He was a man, that Tarass—what do you think? Yes, he was a man."

He took the book out of my hands and looked at it with attention, letting his tears fall on its binding."

"It is a fine book! A regular treat!"

After this we read "Ivanhoe." Smouri was very pleased with Richard Plantagenet.

"That was a real king!" he said impressively.

To me the book had appeared dry. In fact our tastes did not agree at all. I had a great liking for "The Story of Thomas Jones," an old translation of "The History of Tom Jones, Foundling," but Smouri grumbled:

"Rubbish! What do I care about your Thomas? Of what use is he to me? There must be some other books."

One day I told him that I knew that there were other books—forbidden books; one could only read them at night in underground rooms. He opened his eyes wide.

"Wha—a—tas that? Why do you tell me these lies?"

"I am not telling lies. The priest asked me about them when I went to confession, and for that matter I myself have seen people reading them and crying over them."

The cook looked sternly in my face and asked:

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"Who was crying?"

"The lady who was listening, and the other actually ran away because she was frightened."

"You were asleep! You were dreaming!" said Smouri, slowly covering his eyes, and after a silence he muttered, "But of course there must be something hidden from me somewhere. I am not so old as all that, and with my character—well, however that may be——"

He spoke to me eloquently for a whole hour.

Imperceptibly I acquired the habit of reading, and took up a book with pleasure; what I read therein was pleasantly different from life which was becoming harder and harder for me.

Smouri also recreated himself by reading, and often took me from my work.

"Pyeshkov, come and read."

"I have a lot of washing-up to do."

"Let Maxim wash up."

He coarsely ordered the senior kitchen helper to do my work, and this man would break the glasses out of spite, while the chief steward informed me quietly:

"I shall have you put off the boat."

One day Maxim placed several glasses in a bowl of dirty water and tea-leaves on purpose, and I emptied the water overboard and the glasses went flying with it.

"It is my fault," said Smouri to the head steward. "Put it down to my account."

The dining-room attendants began to look at me with lowering brows, and they used to say:

"Ei! You bookworm! What are you paid for?"

And they used to try to make as much work as they could for me, soiling plates needlessly. I was sure that this would end badly for me, and I was not mistaken.

One evening, in a little shelter on the boat, there sat a red-faced woman with a girl in a yellow coat and a new pink blouse. Both had been drinking; the woman smiled, bowed to everyone, and said on the note O, like a church clerk:

"Forgive me, my friends, I have had a little too much to drink. I have been tried and acquitted, and I have been drinking for joy."

The girl laughed too, gazing at the other passengers

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with glazed eyes, and, pushing the woman away, she said :

“ But you—you plaguey creature—we know you——”

They had berths in the second-class cabin, opposite the cabin in which Jaakov Ivanich and Sergei slept.

The woman soon disappeared somewhere or other, and Sergei took her place near the girl, greedily stretching his frog-like mouth.

That night when I had finished my work and had laid myself down to sleep on the table, Sergei came to me, and, seizing me by the arm :

“ Come along,” he said. “ We are going to marry you.”

He was drunk. I tried to tear my arm away from him, but he struck me.

“ Come along ! ”

Maxim came running in, also drunk, and the two dragged me along the deck to their cabin past the sleeping passengers. But by the door of the cabin stood Smouri, and in the doorway, holding on to the jamb, Jaakov Ivanich, and the girl stuck her elbow in his back and cried in a drunken voice :

“ Make way——”

Smouri got me out of the hands of Sergei and Maxim, seized them by the hair, and, knocking their heads together, moved away, and they both fell down.

“ Asiatic ! ” he said to Jaakov, slamming the door on him, and then he roared as he pushed me along :

“ Get out of this ! ”

I ran to the stern. The night was cloudy, the river black ; in the wake of the boat seethed two grey lines of water leading to the invisible shore ; between these two lines the barge dragged on its way. Now on the right, now on the left appeared red patches of light and without illuminating anything ; they disappeared, hidden by the sudden winding of the shore ; after this it became still darker and more gruesome.

The cook came and sat beside me, sighed deeply, and pulled at his cigarette.

“ So they were taking you to that creature ? Ekh ! Dirty beasts ! I heard them trying.”

“ Did you take her away from them ? ”

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"Her?" He abused the girl coarsely, and continued in a sad tone:

"It is all nastiness here. This boat is worse than a village. Have you ever lived in a village?"

"No."

"In a village there is nothing but misery, especially in the winter."

Throwing his cigarette overboard he was silent, then he spoke again:

"You have fallen amongst a herd of swine, and I am sorry for you, my little one. I am sorry for all of them too. Another time I do not know what I should have done. Gone on my knees and prayed. What are you doing, sons of——? What are you doing, blind creatures? Camels——"

The steamer gave a long-drawn-out hoot, the tow rope splashed in the water, the lights of lanterns jumped up and down, showing where the harbour was; out of the darkness more lights appeared.

"Pyani Bor (a pine forest). Drunk," growled the cook. "And there is a river called Pyanaia, and there was a captain called Pyenkov, and a writer called Zapivokhin—and yet another captain called Nepei-pivo.* I am going on shore."

The coarse-grained women and girls of Kamska dragged logs of wood from the shore in long trucks. Bending under their load-straps, with pliable tread, they arrived in pairs at the stoker's hold, and, emptying their sooty loads into the black hole, cried ringingly:

"Logs."

When they brought the wood the sailors would take hold of them by the breasts or the legs. The women squealed, spat at the men, turned back and defended themselves against pinches and blows with their trucks. I saw this a hundred times, on every voyage and at every landing-stage, wherever they took in wood, and it was always the same thing.

I felt as if I were old, as if I had lived on that boat for many years, and knew what would happen in a week's time, in the autumn, in a year.

* Pyanaia means "drunk," and the other names mentioned come from the same root. Nepei-pivo means "Do not drink beer."

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It was daylight now. On a sandy promontory above the harbour stood out a forest of fir trees. On the hills and through the forests women went laughing and singing. They looked like soldiers as they pushed their long trucks.

I wanted to weep. The tears seethed in my breast; my heart was overflowing with them. It was quite painful. But it would be shameful to cry, and I went to help the sailor, Blyakhin, wash the deck.

Blyakhin was an insignificant-looking man. He had a withered, faded look about him, and always stowed himself away in corners, whence his small, bright eyes shone.

"My proper surname is not Blyakhin but ———, because, you see, my mother was a loose woman. I have a sister, and she also ——— That happened to be their destiny. Destiny, my brother, is an anchor for all of us. You want to go in one direction, but wait ———"

And now as he swabbed the deck he said to me softly:

"You see what a lot of harm women do! There it is! And damp wood smoulders for a long time and then bursts into flame. I don't care for that sort of thing myself; it does not interest me. And if I had been born a woman I should have drowned myself in a black pool—I should have been safe then with Holy Christ, and could do no one any harm. But while one is here there is always the chance of kindling a fire. Eunuchs are no fools, I assure you; they are clever people, they are good at divination, they put aside all small things and serve God alone—cleanly ———"

The captain's wife passed us holding her skirts high as she came through the pools of water. Tall and well-built, she had such a simple, bright face; I wanted to run after her and beg her from my heart:

"Say something to me! Say something!"

The boat drew slowly away from the pier. Blyakhin crossed himself and said:

"We are off!"

(To be continued.)

The Reality of Peace (ii)

By D. H. Lawrence

THE beginning of spring lies in the awakening from winter. For us, to understand is to overcome. We have a winter of death, of destruction, vivid sensationalism of going asunder, the wintry glory of tragical experience to surmount and surpass. Thrusting through these things with the understanding, we come forth in first-flowers of our spring with pale and icy blossoms, like bulb-flowers, the pure understanding of death. When we know the death in ourselves we are merging into the new epoch. For whilst we are in the full flux of death, we can find no bottom of resistance from which to understand. When at last life stands under us we can know what the flood is, in which we are immersed.

That which is understood by man is surpassed by man. When we understand our extreme being in death, we have surpassed into a new being. Many bitter and fearsome things there are for us to know, that we may go beyond them, they have no power over us any more.

Understanding, however, does not belong to every man, is not incumbent on every man. But it is vital that some men understand, that some few go through this final pain and relief of knowledge. For the rest, they have only to know peace when it is given them. But for the few there is the bitter necessity to understand the death that has been, so that we may pass quite clear of it.

The anguish of this knowledge, the knowledge of what we ourselves, we righteous ones, have been and are within the flux of death, is a death in itself. It is the death of our established belief in ourselves, it is the end of our current self-esteem. Those who live in the mind must also perish in the mind. The mindless are spared this.

We are not only creatures of light and virtue. We are also alive in corruption and death. It is necessary to

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balance the dark against the light if we are ever going to be free. We must know that we, ourselves, are the living stream of seething corruption, this also, all the while, as well as the bright river of life. We must recover our balance to be free. From our bodies comes the issue of corruption as well as the issue of creation. We must have our being in both, our knowledge must consist in both. The veils of the old temple must be rent, for they are but screens to hide from us our own being in corruption.

It is our self-knowledge that must be torn across before we are whole. The man I know myself to be must be destroyed before the true man I am can exist. The old man in me must die and be put away.

Either we can and will understand the other thing that we are, the flux of darkness and lively decomposition, and so become free and whole, or we fight shy of this half of ourselves, as man has always fought shy of it, and gone under the burden of secret shame and self-abhorrence. For the tide of our own corruption is rising higher, and unless we adjust ourselves, unless we come out of our veiled temples, and see and know, and take the tide as it comes, ride upon it and so escape it, we are lost.

Within our bowels flows the slow stream of corruption, to the issue of corruption. This is one direction. Within our veins flows the stream of life, towards the issue of pure creation. This is the other direction. We are of both. We are the watershed from which flow the dark rivers of hell on the one hand, and the shimmering rivers of heaven on the other.

If we are ashamed, instead of covering the shame with a veil, let us accept that thing which makes us ashamed, understand it and be at one with it. If we shrink from some sickening issue of ourselves, instead of recoiling and rising above ourselves, let us go down into ourselves, enter the hell of corruption and putrescence, and rise again, not fouled, but fulfilled and free. If there is a loathsome thought or suggestion, let us not despatch it instantly with impertinent righteousness, let us admit it with simplicity, let us accept it, responsible for it. It is no good casting out devils. They belong to us, we must accept them and be at peace with them. For they are of us. We are angels and we are devils, both, in our own proper person. But

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we are more even than this. We are whole beings, gifted with understanding. A full, undiminished being is complete beyond the angels and the devils.

This is the condition of freedom: that in the understanding I fear nothing. In the body I fear pain, in love I fear hate, in death I fear life. But in the understanding I fear neither love nor hate nor death nor pain nor abhorrence. I am brave even against abhorrence; even the abhorrent I will understand and be at peace with. Not by exclusion, but by incorporation and unison. There is no hope in exclusion. For whatsoever limbo we cast our devils into will receive us ourselves at last. We shall fall into the cesspool of our own abhorrence.

If there is a serpent of secret and shameful desire in my soul, let me not beat it out of my consciousness with sticks. It will lie beyond, in the marsh of the so-called subconsciousness, where I cannot follow it with my sticks. Let me bring it to the fire to see what it is. For a serpent is a thing created. It has its own *raison d'être*. In its own being it has beauty and reality. Even my horror is a tribute to its reality. And I must admit the genuineness of my horror, accept it, and not exclude it from my understanding.

There is nothing on earth to be ashamed of, nor under the earth, except only the craven veils we hang up to save our appearances. Pull down the veils and understand everything, each man in his own self-responsible soul. Then we are free.

Who made us a judge of the things that be? Who says that the water-lily shall rock on the still pool, but the snake shall not hiss in the festering marshy border? I must humble myself before the abhorred serpent and give him his dues as he lifts his flattened head from the secret grass of my soul. Can I exterminate what is created? Not while the condition of its creation lasts. There is no killing the serpent so long as his principle endures. And his principle moves slowly in my belly; I must disembowel myself to get rid of him. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." But the offence is not in the eye, but in the principle it perceives. And howsoever I may pluck out my eyes, I cannot pluck a principle from the created universe. To this I must submit. And I must adjust myself to that

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which offends me, I must make my peace with it, and cease, in my delicate understanding, to be offended. Maybe the serpent of my abhorrence nests in my very heart. If so, I can but in honour say to him, "Serpent, serpent, thou art at home." Then I shall know that my heart is a marsh. But maybe my understanding will drain the swampy place, and the serpent will evaporate as his condition evaporates. That is as it is. While there is a marsh, the serpent has his holy ground.

I must make my peace with the serpent of abhorrence that is within me. I must own my most secret shame and my most secret shameful desire. I must say, "Shame, thou art me, I am thee. Let us understand each other and be at peace." Who am I that I should hold myself above my last or worst desire? My desires are me, they are the beginning of me, my stem and branch and root. To assume a better angel is an impertinence. Did I create myself? According to the maximum of my desire is my flower and my blossoming. This is beyond my will for ever. I can only learn to acquiesce.

And there is in me the great desire of creation and the great desire of dissolution. Perhaps these two are pure equivalents. Perhaps the decay of autumn purely balances the putting forth of spring. Certainly the two are necessary each to the other; they are the systole diastole of the physical universe. But the initial force is the force of spring, as is evident. The undoing of autumn can only follow the putting forth of spring. So that creation is primal and original, corruption is only a consequence. Nevertheless, it is the inevitable consequence, as inevitable as that water flows downhill.

There is in me the desire of creation and the desire of dissolution. Shall I deny either? Then neither is fulfilled. If there is no autumn and winter of corruption, there is no spring and summer. All the time I must be dissolved from my old being. The wheat is put together by the pure activity of creation. It is the bread of pure creation I eat in the body. The fire of creation from out of the wheat passes into my blood, and what was put together in the pure grain now comes asunder, the fire mounts up into my blood, the watery mould washes back down my belly to the underearth. These are the two

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motions wherein we have our life. Is either a shame to me? Is it a pride to me that in my blood the fire flickers out of the wheaten bread I have partaken of, flickers up to further and higher creation? Then how shall it be a shame that from my blood exudes the bitter sweat of corruption on the journey back to dissolution; how shall it be a shame that in my consciousness appear the heavy marsh-flowers of the flux of putrescence, which have their natural roots in the slow stream of decomposition that flows for ever down my bowels?

There is a natural marsh in my belly, and there the snake is naturally at home. Shall he not crawl into my consciousness? Shall I kill him with sticks the moment he lifts his flattened head on my sight? Shall I kill him, or pluck out the eye which sees him? None the less, he will swarm within the marsh.

Then let the serpent of living corruption take his place among us honourably. Come then, brindled abhorrent one, you have your own being and your own righteousness, yes, and your own desirable beauty. Come then, lie down delicately in the sun of my mind, sleep on the bosom of my understanding; I shall know your living weight and be gratified.

But keep to your own ways and your own being. Come in just proportion, there in the grass beneath the bushes where the birds are. For the Lord is the lord of all things, not of some only. And everything shall in its proportion drink its own draught of life. But I, who have the gift of understanding, I must keep most delicately and transcendently the balance of creation within myself, because now I am taken over into the peace of creation. Most delicately and justly I must bring forth the blossom of my spring and provide for the serpent of my living corruption. But each in its proportion. If I am taken over into the stream of death I must fling myself into the business of dissolution, and the serpent must writhe at my right hand, my good familiar. But since it is spring with me, the snake must wreath his way secretly along the paths that belong to him, and when I see him asleep in the sunshine I shall admire him in his place.

I shall accept all my desires and repudiate none. It will be a sign of bliss in me when I am reconciled with

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the serpent of my own horror, when I am free both from the fascination and the revulsion. For secret fascination is a fearful tyranny. And then my desire of life will encompass my desire of death, and I shall be quite whole, have fulfilment in both. Death will take its place in me, subordinate but not subjected, I shall be fulfilled of corruption within the strength of creation. The serpent will have his own pure place in me, and I shall be free.

For there are ultimately only two desires, the desire of life and the desire of death. Beyond these is pure being, where I am absolved from desire and made perfect. This is when I am like a rose, when I balance for a space in pure adjustment and pure understanding. The timeless quality of *being* is understanding; when I understand fully, flesh and blood and bone, and mind and soul and spirit one rose of unison, then I *am*. Then I am unrelated and perfect. In true understanding I am always perfect and timeless. In my utterance of that which I have understood I am timeless as a jewel.

The rose as it bursts into blossom reveals the absolute world before us. The brindled, slim adder, as she lifts her delicate head attentively in the spring sunshine—for they say she is deaf—suddenly throws open the world of unchanging, pure perfection to our startled breast. In our whole understanding, when sense and spirit and mind are consummated into pure unison, then we are free in the world of the absolute. The lark sings in a heaven of pure understanding, she drops back into a world of duality and change.

And it does not matter whether we understand according to death or according to life; the understanding is a consummating of the two in one, and a transcending into absolution. This is true of tragedy and of psalms of praise and of the Sermon on the Mount. It is true of the serpent and of the dove, of the tiger and the fragile dappled doe. For all things that emerge pure in being from the matrix of chaos are roses of pure understanding; in them death and life are adjusted, darkness is in perfect equilibrium with light. This is the meaning of understanding. This is why the leopard gleams to my eye a blossom of pure significance, whilst a hyæna seems only a clod thrown at me in contumely. The leopard is a piece

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of understanding uttered in terms of fire, the dove is expressed in gurgling watery sound. But in them both there is that perfect conjunction of sun and dew which makes for absolution and the world beyond worlds. Only the leopard starts from the sun and must for ever quench himself with the living soft fire of the fawn; the dove must fly up to the sun like mist drawn up.

We, we are all desire and understanding, only these two. And desire is twofold, desire of life and desire of death. All the time we are active in these two great powers, which are for ever contrary and complementary. Except in understanding, and there we are immune and perfect, there the two are one. Yet even understanding is twofold in its appearance. It comes forth as understanding of life or as understanding of death, in strong, glad words like Paul and David, or in pain like Shakespeare.

All active life is either desire of life or desire of death, desire of putting together or desire of putting asunder. We come forth uttering ourselves in terms of fire, like the rose, or in terms of water, like the lily. We wish to say that we are single in our desire for life and creation and putting together. But it is a lie, since we must eat life to live. We must, like the leopard, drink up the lesser life to bring forth our greater. We wish to conquer death. But it is absurd, since only by death do we live, like the leopard. We wish not to die; we wish for life everlasting. But this is mistaken interpretation. What we mean by immortality is this fulfilment of death with life and life with death in us where we are consummated and absolved into heaven, the heaven on earth.

We can never conquer death, that is folly. Death and the great dark flux of undoing, this is the inevitable half. Life feeds death, death feeds life. If life is just one point the stronger in the long run, it is only because death is inevitably the stronger in the short run of each separate existence. They are like the hare and the tortoise.

It is only in understanding that we pass beyond the scope of this duality into perfection, in actual living equipoise of blood and bone and spirit. But our understanding must be dual, it must be death understood and life understood.

We understand death, and in this there is no death.

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Life has put together all that is put together. Death is the consequent putting asunder. We have been torn to shreds in the hands of death, like Osiris in the myth. But still within us life lay intact like seeds in winter.

That is how we know death, having suffered it and lived. It is now no mystery, finally. Death is understood in us, and thus we transcend it. Henceforward actual death is a fulfilling of our own knowledge.

Nevertheless, we only transcend death by understanding down to the last ebb the great process of death in us. We can never destroy death. We can only transcend it in pure understanding. We can envelop it and contain it. And then we are free.

By standing in the light we see in terms of shadow. We cannot see the light we stand in. So our understanding of death in life is an act of living.

If we live in the mind, we must die in the mind, and in the mind we must understand death. Understanding is not necessarily mental. It is of the senses and the spirit.

But we live also in the mind. And the first great act of living is to encompass death in the understanding. Therefore the first great activity of the living mind is to understand death in the mind. Without this there is no freedom of the mind, there is no life of the mind, since creative life is the attaining a perfect consummation with death. When in my mind there rises the idea of life, then this idea must encompass the idea of death, and this encompassing is the germination of a new epoch of the mind.

The Victims

By Antonio de Navarro

MIDNIGHT.

A solitary lamp upon the piano; a glow of embers on the hearth.

A soft voice, humming—almost shamefacedly—old German airs: airs of the soil, remote of origin, more attenuated now—as if shrinking to even more distant times, to hide the shame of undeserved disgrace. Honest melodies destined to perpetuate the message of early simplicity, happiness, sincere patriotism; now but memories of an irrecoverable past.

In and out the time-worn verses—the dirges of the trenches. Songs of homesickness chanted in weary unison by young voices aged by tragedy and iron law—a return home in spirit before the fateful moment of butchery, to which they were alien in desire and understanding. Messages of farewell. And from remote, derelict hearths—as if they had caught the meaning of the agonising words—the voices of stricken mothers making answer in remembered melodies of childhood rising upon the night air, floating back to the distant fields of martyrdom.

In their graves—the innocent dead, victims of a satanic despotism, their squandered blood calling for mercy on the vampires of a depopulated country.

And beyond the grave—the voices of Bach, Heine, Dürer, Goethe, Schiller, Schubert, Franz . . . the protest of outraged Olympians who in the fields of Art alone had constructed the unimpeachable greatness of the Fatherland.

A sacrifice of national honour and distinguished achievement; then the chastisement of a world's opprobrium to follow the humiliation of defeat.

An outcast nation.

The fire upon the hearth had spent itself.
A sob at the piano . . . and all was silent.

Edward Thomas

By E. S. P. Haynes

IN December, 1898, Professor Morgan, a friend and contemporary of mine at Balliol, brought an interesting compatriot of his to my rooms from Lincoln. Edward Thomas was then, as always, tall and thin. He had what another friend has described as a "golden brown face" and deep blue eyes which sometimes became suddenly translucent and alert with interest. His voice was a singularly melodious tenor. He sang and read aloud very well. I have never heard so delightful a rendering of Jane Austen's novels or Gibbon's chapters on Christianity as he once gave me when I was ill. His talk was incomparable. It was full of such remarks as that which I cull at random from his little volume *Rest and Unrest* about a Welsh farmer: "He seemed to regard the pig as a kind of brother who sacrificed himself for the good of others almost willingly out of consideration for the expensive food which had fattened him; and until the day of the knife he was treated as a brother seldom is." But he was as reticent as he was responsive. He went through life up to the time of entering the Army with an ever-recurring fear that he was not wanted, and was therefore all the more cordial when he met anyone who made it clear that his talk and his work were in demand.

From our first meeting we were intimate friends, though in later life often separated by accidents of time and place. I may perhaps be excused for dwelling more on his personality than on his work, because there are others far more competent than I to deal with his books. In early life we both dutifully reviewed each other's books in various periodicals; but we always frankly expressed a decided preference for each other's conversation. His books remain, but he himself has gone, and reading them

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is, as Fitzjames Stephen once pointed out, a poor consolation for the friends and family of a deceased author.

Edward Thomas was born on March 3rd, 1878. He was the son of a civil servant now well known in Positivist circles, and himself a writer concerning the religion of Humanity. At St. Paul's School he belonged to a special class for the study of history and literature. Mr. Bentley and Mr. G. K. Chesterton were both members of it. At the age of seventeen he made the acquaintance of his future father-in-law, James Ashcroft Noble. Mr. Noble encouraged him to give up the Civil Service and devote himself entirely to literary work. He wrote a number of articles on what is vaguely called "Nature" for the *Speaker*, the *Globe*, and other papers, which were finally published under the title of *The Woodland Life* in 1897. The book is full of curious and delicate observation in a style which has since been extensively imitated, and the English is characteristically flawless.

In these early years he was "living that deep, beneficent, unconscious life which is what, after all, we remember with most satisfaction, and learn, often too late, to label happiness when the pleasures have all fallen away," as he writes in *Rest and Unrest*. This life he recovered to some extent after joining the Army. At the age of nineteen he obtained a scholarship at Lincoln College, and read History under the tuition of Mr. Owen Edwards, for whom he had a deep regard and to whom he dedicated his second book, *Horæ Solitariae*. His life at Oxford was, on the whole, happy and unruffled, and there perhaps for the first time he became thoroughly interested in his contemporaries.

He was always hyperæsthetic as regards impressions, and the beauty of Oxford sank deeply into him. I find a letter of his dated July 25th, 1899, about an afternoon visit to Eton, in which he writes of "the most perfect memory scenes I ever knew, enclosed in a silence broken only by the sound of the wings of doves among all the peaks and ridges of mellow red tile as we looked out from the gallery of the Hall. . . . I expect there will be fragments of Eton in all my landscapes for months."

Horæ Solitariae is a collection of essays that distils many of these impressions as in the lovely passage about

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the Welsh hills at night. There is also a great deal of quiet humour and pleasant discourse on old books. The book on Oxford (of which I possess the MS.) never got its proper appreciation. It is full of good things like the following about the Magdalen choir: "When one sang alone it was as it had been a dove floating to the windows and away, away. There were parts of the music so faint and so exquisitely blended that the twenty voices were but as the sound of a reverberating bell. A voice of baser metal read the lesson with a melancholy dignity which made the words at once pleasing and unintelligible." My copy is annotated with names. Here, for instance, is a description of Belloc at the Union: "A stiff, small, heroic figure—with a mouth that might sway armies, a voice as sweet as Helicon, as irresistible and continuous as Niagara"; or again of Raymond Asquith as one "who would rather spend a life in deciding between the Greek and Roman ideals than in ruling Parliament and being ruled by society. He strode like a Plantagenet. When he stood still he was like a classical Hermes."

The book is full of miscellaneous reading and learning, and contains various extracts from Belloc's first volume of sonnets and *Lambkin's Remains*, works much treasured by us both at a time when the rest of the world read nothing of his but *Danton* and *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. No other book of Thomas's contains so happy a blend of humour, a sense of beauty, and antiquarian learning as this on Oxford.

While at Oxford he married Helen, daughter of his old friend and literary sponsor James Ashcroft Noble, and after taking his degree he settled in a little house at Earlsfield, which he describes inimitably in *Horæ Solitariae*. The next fifteen years were marred by the struggle for existence. His inveterate shyness and lack of "push and go" were grave handicaps. What he wanted was a literary director to find out what he could do and induce others to give him the work in question. He could not make up his mind to lecturing of any kind, and of other work he felt himself incapable. He was extremely conscientious, and in later life gave up a comfortable temporary job for the Government because he felt there was not enough for him to do in it. Consequently he wrote

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a series of books on different subjects, which often fatigued him before he had achieved the tale of one hundred thousand words deemed essential in a trade which imagines that the public demand for a book is regulated more by quantity than quality.

The remuneration for this work was sadly reduced after the ingenious discovery by an enterprising firm of publishers that the leisure of moderately educated spinsters who liked to appear in print could be exploited to produce any number of books on a variety of topics. I do not suggest that the *res angusta domi* embittered his life, which he would always have desired to be simple in a sense different from what the "simple life" meant before 1914. But the necessity of having to write to order probably took some zest out of his writing, even when he was engaged on such congenial subjects as Jefferies, Borrow, or "Beautiful Wales."

He never agreed with me; but I always considered his criticism the best part of his literary work. He was about the best critic of poetry in his time. His learning was as profound as his taste was unerring. As regards prose, his book on *Walter Pater* is the best on the subject. One sentence alone shows a wonderful sense of what makes for style: "Only when a word has become necessary to him can a man use it safely; if he try to impress words by force on a sudden occasion, they will either perish of his violence or betray him." The book was a failure because the British public does not want judicial criticism. To the literary snob Pater was a fetish, and fetishes are not meant to be the subject of intelligent discussion.

Much the same drawback applied to Thomas's deep and sympathetic interest in human beings as such. He chose types which do not excite general interest. Our urban population likes to read of dukes and Prime Ministers and millionaires, with a female complement of duchesses and adventuresses. An intensive study of Welsh farmers and rustic milkmaids and tramps excites but little curiosity. And Thomas perhaps felt that there was not so much demand for his writing as it deserved, without realising that in this imperfect world a man has often to begin by creating a demand for himself. All this, however, aggravated a natural melancholy of temperament, which

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was not cured by various abstinences either from meat or drink or tobacco. His health suffered much as Shelley's did when removed from the robust influence of Peacock.

This melancholy, however, would instantaneously disappear in congenial company on a holiday. There is one perfect memory of walks over the Sussex downs on two sunny days at the end of the year 1910, which ended in a little *festa* with the Belloc family and the singing of many of the songs in which he delighted on the road to London. The *Pocket-book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air*, which Thomas compiled in 1907, is about the best anthology of its kind. "I have gathered into it," he writes, "much of the finest English poetry, and that poetry at its best can hardly avoid the open air. With this is some humbler poetry which is related to the finest as the grass is to the stars; between the two I have often found it hard to choose. I have added about sixty of the sweetest songs which it seemed that a wise man would care to sing, or hear sung, in the fields, at the inn, on the road at dawn or nightfall, or at home." Looking at it again one finds a poem of Walter de la Mare curiously appropriate now, "Keep Innocency," and the last two lines of his favourite Cornish epitaph:

"Long is his score who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

After the war broke out he wrote an interesting biography of the Duke of Marlborough. It shows less sign of fatigue than some of his other books. He also brought out an admirable little anthology from the work of English writers entitled *This England*. He "wished to make a book as full of English character and country as an egg is full of meat," and certainly succeeded. Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will remember him as a not infrequent contributor: his beautiful essay called "July," and his articles on street talk in the first months of the war, and on Rupert Brooke, on Swansea, etc., were full of keen and judicial observation.

Of all those who have lost their lives in this war he had the most vivid and sensitive image in his brain of what he was fighting for. As Mr. Seccombe has written: "It was the life of one who knew and loved England, its

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inhabitants and writers, old and new, better than any man I ever came across." His life in the Army cured his neurasthenia. He could no longer feel at any moment that he was not wanted. For the first time he felt that certain prosaic things had got to be done at regular hours. He had no leisure for experiments in diet. Although he gave a superficial impression of passivity, I had always noticed that in an emergency he acted promptly and wisely, and this quality now came into function.

At this time, too, he began to write verse under the name of Edward Eastaway, which has been much praised by the critics. I do not profess to understand the scansion of modern verse, but the following poem cannot fail to appeal to the most antiquated reader:

"The Bridge.

I have come a long way to-day:
On a strange bridge alone,
Remembering friends, old friends,
I rest without smile or moan,
As they remember me without smile or moan.

All are behind, the kind
And the unkind, too, no more
To-night than a dream. The stream
Runs softly yet drowns the Past,
The dark-lit stream has drowned the Future and the Past.

No traveller has rest more blest
Than this moment brief between
Two lives, when the Night's first lights
And shades hide what has never been,
Things goodlier, lovelier, dearer than will be or have been."

That is exactly the mood of a man who has walked all day and gained the mental repose that comes in the evening, and which came to Edward Thomas in the last years of his life; and it may be remembered that he never talked so well as when walking with his elastic, long stride. One may think of his talk as of the lute in Shelley's poem on "The Woodman and the Nightingale":

"Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain,
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,
One accent never to return again."

The last lines of all have an even deeper significance for us to-day than when they were written in 1818:

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"The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell."

The hatred of the woodman against the wood which sheltered the nightingale has destroyed the youth of our world, to say nothing of its beauties in nature and in art. Edward Thomas died instantaneously in the knowledge that all was well with the cause for which he was fighting. The following account of him was sent by his commanding officer to his widow, and may here be reproduced:

"I cannot express to you adequately in words how deep our sympathy is for you and your children in your great loss. These things go too deep for mere words. We, officers and men, all mourn our own loss. Your husband was very greatly loved in this Battery, and his going has been a personal loss to each of us. He was rather older than most of the officers, and we all looked up to him as the kind of father of our happy family. He was always the same, quietly cheerful and ready to do any job that was going with the same steadfast, unassuming spirit.

"The day before his death we were rather heavily shelled, and he had a very narrow shave, but he went about his work quite quietly and ordinarily, as if nothing was happening.

"I wish I could convey to you the picture of him, a picture we had all learnt to love—of the old clay pipe, gum boots, oilskin coat, and steel helmet.

"With regard to his actual death you have probably heard the details. It should be of some comfort to you to know that he died at a moment of victory from a direct hit by a shell, which must have killed him outright without giving him a chance to realise anything, a gallant death for a very true and gallant gentleman. We buried him in a little military cemetery a few hundred yards from the Battery; the exact spot will be notified you by the parson. As we stood by his grave the sun came and the guns round seemed to stop firing for a short time. This typified to me what stood out most in your husband's character, the spirit of quiet, sunny, unassuming cheerfulness."

More need not be said. Edward Thomas detested any suspicion of the histrionic. His last wish was that his work should stand or fall on its own merits without reference to his military service, whether he returned from it or not. His best epitaph was written by George Herbert:

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Education Question (ii)

By The Master of Balliol

III. THE TEACHERS.

It is often asked, Is education a science or an art? The answer is, it is both; and like every other science and art, when all is said and done, its whole success depends on the human element. Educational reforms rest ultimately on the teachers. For half the reforms proposed depend directly on them; such as those turning on the subjects taught, the methods employed, the ideals inculcated, the freer use of the open air and external and material channels, the due emphasis on the physical side. The other reforms depend indirectly on them; such as the position of the teaching profession, the amount and form of Government grants, the introduction of nursery schools, the extension of elementary education to fourteen, the continuation of education from fourteen to eighteen, the access to universities, the linking up of schools with workshops and factories and counting-houses, the encouragement of research, scientific, educational, and general—all these obviously require new legislation; but legislation simply registers a popular demand, and a popular demand has to be worked up through the Board of Education and the local educational authorities, and these, in the last resort, reflect the consensus of the teachers.

In education, more than in any other art, all depends on the teacher; a good teacher has an influence beyond all other influences except that of a mother. It is hardly possible to put limits to what he can do if he is given adequate scope; as an Arab proverb says, "With patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin." The present facts, however, about the teachers of the mass of our population are these: (1) Of the 160,000 teachers, 60,000 are uncertificated, 40,000 more have never been to any training college, and hardly any at all have been through a university. (2) The supply of candidates to be trained as teachers ought to be 14,000 a year; in 1906 it was 11,018,

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and in 1913, 4,486. (3) In 1913 there were women head-teachers receiving less than £100 a year 4,846, and assistant teachers receiving under that sum 4,782 men and 31,795 women.

This question of training must be faced, because while it may be that the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made, it does not mean that he is born trained and experienced. Teaching, moreover, is one of those things which are done not on blackboards and paper, but on "the ticklish skin of poor humanity." There is no vocation in which routine is so deadening, monotony so imminent, and formal mechanical methods so fatal. The head of a great firm of solicitors, when asked what was the quality most of all required in his profession, said, "Imagination." This imagination, the power of seeing the unseen, may come through sympathy and experience, but in the recruit it requires to be developed in a stimulating atmosphere. The present training colleges are too narrow; it is not good for future teachers to be all herded together, and a two years' course is too short. The only proper method is for the recruits to be brought somehow into a university atmosphere, if only by a month or two of residence in a summer school. Hitherto, the Board of Education has been obstructive on this point, contrary to their enlightened policy in other respects. To prevent mental fatigue and loss of elasticity in the teachers many means should be employed, such as visits to other schools, tours to places of beauty and interest in this country, and journeys abroad to acquire modern languages. It is, perhaps, too much to hope for what the Americans call "a sabbatical year," one year off in every seven, not for idleness, but for acquiring new ideas and new life. But, at any rate, a year put aside at intervals for further training would prove a good investment, as it has done at Manchester.

The figures given above show that the supply of teachers has reached a serious crisis. It is notorious that the brightest boys and girls refuse this vocation, especially if they are the children of teachers. "We have gone in for bricks and mortar, improved desks and lavatories, and forgotten the living personality behind the machine." We must remember, too, that the new continuation schools from fourteen to eighteen would want 30,000 fresh teachers, and by their greater attractions would drain off the most

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promising recruits. Again, the immense development of the Civil Service, with its far superior conditions, puts the teaching profession at a great disadvantage compared to thirty years ago. The only way to meet the situation is to raise the quality by raising the status and position. All teachers, from the highest university posts to the smallest village school, should have the consciousness of belonging to one great profession—a profession on which the economic efficiency, the political intelligence, and the degree of spirituality in the whole community all ultimately depend. At present the local status of a teacher reflects the inherent Philistinism which is the worst trait in the British mental character; the rural teacher is a little above the agricultural labourer, but regarded as distinctly below the smallest farmer; he is associated in the mind with the unpleasant idea of “rates,” and too often expected to be “the parson’s man.” By a vicious circle, the low pay and the unsatisfactory social position deter young people of vigour and ability, and the large proportion of poor material that results among the teachers hinders their rise in public estimation. As to the pay, in Northumberland, a favourable district, it begins at £150 per annum for a man, but cannot rise to a higher maximum than £215. The average salary of 4,086 teachers through England and Wales for twelve years’ service was £175 10s. In Bavaria the corresponding figure was £315 and a possible maximum of £350, besides a claim to a pension and an allowance for house rent. It would be mere justice that £300 should be an attainable maximum, though this is only actually the case in London. (These figures are assuming that the 70 or 80 per cent. war rise in food prices, etc., is only to be temporary.) The minimum actual salary goes down as low as £90 a year for men and £85 for women even in urban areas, and still lower in rural areas. How can we wonder that all good teachers tend to drift off to the towns from, say, villages in Oxfordshire, where they have to begin at £70 a year? The after-war conditions, with many actual teachers killed and a great destruction of young life between eighteen and twenty-five will make it absolutely necessary to call for more women. Fortunately, they make excellent teachers, especially in the elementary schools; but the conditions imposed upon them are often simple cruelty, and not less in some of the “high” schools, where the exacting standards, the mass of

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paper-work out of hours, the need to dress presentably, even to take journeys abroad to improve their languages, tell very hardly on them. No doubt part of the difficulty is the broad economic fact that the well-paid careers are those which require a considerable expenditure of capital, like those of a doctor or a barrister; but the State, making it possible to become a teacher by State aid, is bound to see that the career is not forced down to a minimum of subsistence; just as, on the other hand, the State must see that candidates of inferior quality are not drawn into teaching as what in the United States is called "a soft option." Closely connected with the pay is the need of a pension. A few localities have this, and the Board of Education was on the point of promulgating a scheme when the war broke out. It will, no doubt, be made universally compulsory, and be based on the principle of part contributions from the teachers. A contributor on leaving his post should be entitled to receive back the monies he has paid in with interest, or, on leaving after twenty years' service, should be entitled to his own and the State's contributions, and this, of course, should be equally recoverable for his widow and children. The pension should not be less than £150 a year, receivable at sixty-five or sixty. At present, cases are quoted such as a man after forty years' service receiving £1 a week! One of the most difficult points in the present position is the size of the classes, because while everyone of practical experience knows the vital difference between a number that can be handled as individuals and a number too large to be anything but a mass, yet the fixing of this actual number is difficult; it depends on the skill, temperament, and experience of the teacher, on the nature of the subject being taught, and on the exact method of instruction (as is well seen in the interesting plan successfully adopted by Miss C. M. Mason in the West Riding). It is difficult because, while the present size of class, fifty or even sixty, has been justly called "heart-breaking" for the teachers, yet a universal reduction to thirty, as now practised in the secondary schools, if applied to all elementary schools, would mean a vast increase in expenditure on a matter which the ordinary Briton would persist in regarding as a pedantic whim.

Most authorities on the subject, such as the London County Council Education Committee, the National Union

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of Teachers, and the Workers' Educational Association, will probably accept forty as the desirable limit, above which number a class should not go unless exceptional reasons could be thoroughly established. The experiment in Manchester of half-time in schools, half-time in museums, etc., would help over some of the difficulty as to the need for the great expansion of buildings if the classes were suddenly to be reduced in size, and the corresponding need for more accommodation and space. The whole of the lessons of the Boy Scout movement, too, have not yet been fully digested and taken into account as throwing light on our practical problems in this respect.

The question whether this service should be made a branch of the general Civil Service of the country seems to have created a difference of opinion in the profession. The obvious advantages are protection from local interference or even tyranny, the rise in social status and estimation, better conditions of pay and pension, and a general levelling up towards the higher standards now reached in the more enlightened municipalities. But it is felt, and it is wholesome that this should always be felt in England, that State monopoly and control has another side to it; it is apt to press with iron hand on the living limbs, and there may be danger of the loss of individuality, originality, and initiative. The example of the existing Civil Service departments, particularly the host of petty bureaucrats created in so many new departments during this war, is not encouraging. English life has always liked to keep some open space, as it were, free from State control. The example of Germany, with its absolute synchronisation and its simultaneous "tuning" of all the teachers, and therefore of the whole public opinion of the country, to the tenets dictated from Potsdam, has thrown a new light on the German boast that their schoolmasters, who had won for them the war of 1870-1871, would win this war. On the whole, it is probable that the advantages can be obtained without the disadvantages of making the whole profession a branch of the Civil Service. Local management and responsibility, inadequate and variable as it often is, has still too great a value, and it is too large a part of English tradition to be superseded by a sudden centralisation.

(To be continued.)

Ireland's Best Friend—Herself

By Sergeant Frank P. Slavin

So the Old Country has been told to hope for the best once more. This time the Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers, backed by the force of American opinion, will see to it that she gets justice and Home Rule at last. Every Irishman—Nationalist Irishman, that is—knows the justice of his demand, just as he remembers every little item in the long tale of wrong which is Ireland's story.

He knows, too, that the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia has unanimously passed a resolution in favour of the granting of Home Rule. He knows that Canadian, British Columbian, South African, and New Zealand citizens of the Empire have looked on at Ireland's long struggle for self-government and at England's and North-East Ulster's cold refusal of it with wonder and amazement, and he knows that if their representatives get half a chance they will back up the Irish plea for all they are worth. I suspect, too, that he is feeling far more hopeful still now that the United States have come into the war, because he has never had any doubt at all about American opinion. But I am far from being sure that the Home Rule discussions of the Imperial Conference, if there are going to be any at all, will pan out half so well as Nationalist Irishmen have hoped that they will.

There will be hundreds of other things to discuss, and we have all seen lately that the present British Government is as skilful at side-tracking an awkward argument as any of its predecessors.

Even now we overseas Irishmen from the Dominions—and there are a good few of us, a bigger percentage, I dare bet, than there are of any of the other races in the Empire—can see how the game is being played. We can see little simple-looking questions like the following in quite a number of English newspapers:

“What do our Canadian and Anzac and South African kinsmen think of the strapping young Irishmen who have refused to answer the call of duty, and who are now for

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political reasons exempted from the scope of the Act which has compelled our own men of military age to do battle for their country?"

Well, I can answer that question as an Australian born—British Columbian—Catholic—Irishman, both for myself and for a few thousand others. We should—yes, all of us—have refused to answer the "call of Empire" (not the call of duty, because it wouldn't have been one) if we had been refused our share in the Empire, as Nationalist Irishmen have been refused theirs.

The Orange Irishman, who lives mainly in the north-east corner of the island, has been given his share, or what he fancied was his share (for, anyway, it seems to have satisfied him), but I haven't noticed that he has been clamouring for inclusion within "the scope of the Act which has, etc." Here, as always, he has asked for, and generally contrived to secure, the best of both political worlds. The Act of Union didn't ruin his industries, because it wasn't aimed at them. The Act of Union, or rather the subsequent legislation rendered possible by it, did ruin the then gradually developing prosperity of sheep rearing and woollen manufacturing industries in Southern and Western Ireland.

This very vital contrast in the English treatment of North-Eastern Ulster and of the rest of Ireland is always conveniently forgotten when Unionists talk and write about loyal and disloyal Ireland.

But Irishmen can rest assured that we overseas Irishmen have had the memory of it handed down from our fathers and grandfathers, who were ruined and driven abroad by it, rubbed into us far too often to forget. Also, too often to prevent us from asking ourselves to-day why there are so many Orange shirkers?

Of course, I am well aware that tables have been issued showing the high percentage of Orange volunteers and the comparatively low percentage of Nationalist volunteers in the Army. But I don't think this sort of thing is going to impress the overseas Irishmen, the Canadian, Anzac, South African, and British Columbian kinsmen, to any great extent; because we have all heard from the Nationalist Irish who did volunteer, in spite of all persuasion not to do so, how *that* little game was engineered.

But all this is past history. It has been all done, and

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can never be undone. The thing to-day is not to forget it, because it cannot be forgotten, but to forget the sting of it, and, as I hope, for Irishmen to realise that it is up to them to repair the harm which has been worked, and the misery which has resulted.

It is up to the Nationalist Irishmen, and to them more than to anyone else. They have tried to do things for themselves in the past and they have failed, usually because they never had half a chance, and at other times, say in that wretched Sinn Fein business, because they not only never had half a chance, but because they were trying to do the worst thing possible for themselves. They wanted to wreck the Empire if they could, since they had to do that before they could establish an Irish Republic, which would have lived for a few months and then passed under the heel of the Hun.

The Irishmen in the Overseas Forces, who are so many because so many Irishmen were driven away into the Dominions or into the United States during the last century, are all ready to give their representatives the big shoulder-push which will send them to demand Home Rule for Ireland, but they would also like to see Irishmen from the Old Country reach out their hands and take hold of the share in the Empire to which they are entitled if they will only make an effort for it.

Believe me, the Empire is worth having. Most of the Irishmen I have met seemed to think that it is England's Empire we are all fighting for; and small blame to them, since so many Englishmen labour under a similar delusion. But it isn't.

It's OURS. No more England's than it is Scotland's, Australia's, Canada's, British Columbia's, South Africa's, New Zealand's, Wales', Newfoundland's, or North-East Ulster's. The property of each and all of us except Nationalist Ireland's, and her name is the only one missing among the list of proprietors, owing mainly, it is true, to British obstinacy and pigheadedness, but owing also to Nationalist Ireland's refusal to see that nearly all the other partners want her to come in and handle her share.

Now one may want to do everything one can for a country one cares for, but how is one to set about it if that country won't get up and stir even a finger to help herself to the good thing.

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One sees what the average Irishman wants, just as one sees why the Orange Irishman wants to keep what he has got. Outside the north-east corner I guess the general desire is for a separate republic altogether. Irishmen have a good memory, especially for all the injustice under which they have suffered for centuries, and one can understand why they should all feel that they have had enough of Dublin Castle and of the English connection. Perhaps I should feel that way myself if I had been born in Ireland and had lived there all my life.

But I wasn't and I haven't. I have been around and about the world, have lived under thirty-two flags altogether, and have had my ups and downs, some of them awfully rough passages, but I have learned one thing, and that is that the British Empire is the best thing under the sun. I have also come to the firm conclusion that even the happiest and most prosperous Independent Ireland which the most enthusiastic Sinn Feiner could imagine would be a poor place compared with a Home Rule Ireland as part and parcel of the Empire. Not belonging to it, mind you, but as a part proprietor.

One can see why Englishmen can honestly profess that they cannot understand Ireland, and one can both see why North-East Ulster wants to keep out of Home Rule, and also why the rest of Ireland wants to include it.

Few people suspect the fundamental secret, but the fact is that both Ulstermen—Orange Ulstermen, that is—and Nationalists have a goodly strain of the Boche in their make-up. Planted there by English misrule, I expect, before the original Englishmen had had time to get rid of their own Boche proclivities.

The Orangemen have bossed the rest of the island from time out of mind. Bossed it very thoroughly and very vilely in the old days of the Protestant Pale, and to a certain extent to-day by the grip they have on the ears of the English Government and Press; and since they have a few Boche tendencies, they don't want to run any risk of being bossed themselves in their turn.

On the other hand, though I guess the Nationalist would be fierce in his denial of any ambition to boss Orange Ulster, I suspect that he not infrequently licks his lips at the thought of it. Not that there is any fear of anything of the kind ever happening.

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Orangemen and Nationalists are Irishmen, and if they are apt to carry their old quarrel with them when and wherever they go—to Australia, Canada, the United States, and elsewhere—they are always ready to stand up shoulder to shoulder and fight like brothers against anyone of another race who ventures an insult on the Old Country.

I want to remind Irishmen of these things, because I feel sure that when the Imperial Conference meets and the Irish question comes up, the Lansdownes and the Brodricks and all the men who can't forgive Ireland for all the wrongs they have inflicted on her in the past will hold forth so eloquently on the impossibility of persuading *Ulster* (they always talk of the north-east corner as though it were the whole province) and the rest of Ireland to agree, that they will again succeed in side-tracking the whole business. Not because they want to do so particularly, because they don't, but because they always get paralysed whenever they are asked to face the Irish problem. Still, they do want to get the business settled, only they cannot very well begin by relieving one section from oppression in such wise as will even apparently place it in a position to oppress others who object.

If I might offer a word of advice to Nationalist Irishmen I would say, "Leave the Orange crowd to their shouting; let them again threaten to kick the King's crown into the Boyne if it pleases them to do so, and attend strictly to your own business. The first item of this is the finishing off of the war. Some half-million more men are wanted, and the ranks of good Catholic Irish regiments are growing woefully thin. Do you want to see these ranks filled up by English, Scots, and Welshmen? Or do you want to see them struck off the active Army List? Cannot you help the remnants of the old bands of heroes to win a few more honours for Ireland?"

"Come along, boys, and do the work. You have always done it before. You can send along a good slice of that half-million, and the boys you send will hear and will learn something about the Empire you are all going to help to win. You can then tell the Conference Premiers that you have earned your share in the Empire partnership for the tenth time, or the hundredth time if you like, and they will see that you get it. If they don't, the Imperial Army will see that you do. Don't leave it too late."

Foundations of Reconstruction

By Austin Harrison

WHEREVER men meet to-day discussion turns upon that vista loosely termed reconstruction which somehow is expected to arise from the ruins of war. Already it is easy to discern two categories, the one positive, the other negative, and behind them that positional class which, naturally insular and conservative, would prefer that things should not change appreciably, and hopes, with as little disturbance as possible, to get back to the old order and to football. This latter group is probably pretty considerable, comprising in no small part official Party Liberalism and official Party Toryism, supported by the Church and all posts and pillars of individualist, institutional England; and all these people may be expected to wait and see rather than take any active steps to see that things shall happen this way or that.

Absolutely the most hopeful sign in this re-awakening of national and spiritual curiosity—for that is the incentive to the unrest—is the multifarious nature of this growing class of men and women freed from existing trammels and conventions, whether of Party or of policy. And this is a new thing among us. These people belong to no Party to-day, to no one class, to no one Church, to no one rank. They have come together, attracted spiritually and constructively as if in exhilaration of this intellectual freedom won for Britain on the battlefield, uniting for the first time even creeds, passions, theories, and antagonisms in the impersonal cause, not so much of country—for that is a narrow conception—but of a civilisation which, governed by the vastness of our Imperial reality, we have the legitimate right to focus as integral of a cosmic responsibility. Thus we may speak of an Imperial idea, which in itself is an ideal.

But even the idea is unformulated, as yet unscientific

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and unregistered, and only the ideal seems to light the way like a revelation through the mist of war and uncertainties. It is a seedling around which are grouped and are grouping here and there, in a bewildering complexity of apparently incommunicable associations, a body of men and women seeking a new analysis and a new valuation. All that we can say positively about them is that belief has been cast upon the waters. They are making discoveries. Acceptance has given way to receptivity. We seem suddenly to have broken with the superstitions of the past, to have acquired a gathering liberty of thought and purpose, and attained more fully to our conscious selves. True, many know not what they want, but that also is a spiritual recognition, and by no means a weakness. The factor is this consciousness of revolt or intellectual freedom. Its characteristic is an equality of what may even be called a fellowship, for it is free from all class, social, or political bias. Its spirit is the sanction of freedom.

These are the reconstructionists, the spirits of revolt. They form almost a new citizenship. They are to be met in all places, and they know one another, as it were, intuitively, as members of a masonry. At this moment it would be hard, if not futile, to attempt to define any common aim or even any common affinity of aspiration, for they are one only in recognition: that what has brought them together and what will keep them together is the polarity rather of negation than any assertion that as yet they can lay claim to. Probably in this sense only are they as yet positive re-creators. Certainly they have no policy and no foundations of policy. Yet this fellowship of Young Britain is real because alertly sensible of its necessity. Even the purely commercial-minded in its grouping admit that. Men of this kind meet and talk to-day simply because they feel they must meet and talk. They cast for a diagnosis—of what they scarcely know how to explain, but still of some tangible mal-condition which all feel to be present in our midst. It is the effects which puzzle them, causes they are not accustomed to inquire into. And so, even as every man is his own physician, the physicians in turn have become laymen. There would seem no specific. The assenters are growing into seekers, that is all.

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The staidest opinions have modified or seek correction, even our deepest prejudices seem to require open-air treatment. Values demand revaluation. We find commercialism inspiring intellectualism, a cry for education, and even a tentative sympathy for ideas which commercial England had long ago affected to ignore. This flux and rudiment undoubtedly denote a movement, a process of recreation. All kinds of men are learning all kinds of things. We have been pushed into the European mind, so to speak, as the price of our physical defence of it, with the net result of discovery—the discovery, first of all, of ourselves, so true it is that men and nations grow great through adversity or what is spiritually creative in them.

Among the reformers there are two easily defined activities, the one spiritual, the other commercial, which latter is engaged purely with the commercial prospects of Britain after the war, or rather the conditions of Labour and Capital when the fighting is over and the problems of adjustment demand a solution. This is the shopkeepers' view. They see a great chance, they smell gold. They still think merely commercially. Their attitude, as always, is the line of least resistance. In reality these men have learnt curiously little, and so their endeavour is concentrated upon some formula of compromise calculated to tide over the awkward period immediately succeeding peace when the inevitable deflation sets in as the result of the policy of orgy on which the war has been fought and of the new plutocratic conditions of war, which, instead of producing misery among the people, leads to an inflation of wage and comfort as unreal as it is demoralising. The commercial reformers are as yet hardly cognisant of the new conditions that have arisen or of the new psychology that will arise from them. To them reconstruction is an economic problem; it is only commercialism a little more alertly commercial.

Such men neither buy nor sell thought. It was precisely this commercialism which blinded us before the war, which gave us our false values, which chased ideas from the land. As the merchant spirit failed then through want of knowledge and imagination, so it will not save us after the war. For decades Britain has been losing her position and significance in the world because of this commercial atti-

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tude. Our low plane of education, our inability to face facts, to think scientifically, our insular unintellectualism—all this we owe to the materialism of the shopkeeper standard blinking into the world through the glass of Puritanism which made it hypocritical, and of insularity which made it unthoughtful. These men for the most part fail to see that what they complain of is literally their own fault; that if our industries are inefficient it is simply because of the general lack of education, the lack of scientific training and attitude; in short, the low plane of *bourgeois* standards themselves setting a low example. And if Capitalism in this country has been unimaginative, so has organised Labour. The trade unions have also set up low standards, the most characteristic of which is "ca' canny." The capitalist has never considered whether his schools teach his class to work, to think, to construct. He never questioned the validity of his own class example. He still does not understand that before the masses can raise their standards the classes must raise theirs, nor until he does grasp the significance of intellect is there much use seeking to advise him, still less in encouraging him to find an artificial, and so illusionary, economic truce.

The question of reconstruction is spiritual, not material; and by spiritual I mean simply the impersonation of idea together with the means and methods of its application. As a generalisation this idea may be called the Empire, not in a territorial-Imperialist sense, but in its conception as an integrated civilisation. Call it the motive of survival. Yet there is something finer in its instinct which, already emerging as the truth of the war, we may descry as a re-affirmation of democratic law by which our race and our purpose will be judged. The test of this was the principle for which we took up arms contrary to German expectations, which had planned to restrict the war to the Continent and hoped to bring about the desired end before we could intervene successfully and so internationalise the cause. With our entry into the war the principle thus became cosmic—the principle of New Europe as against the Old Feudal Europe which the Kaiser hoped to restore in all its mediæval magnificence to the satrapy of a military-monarchical estate. To-day the world recognises this, and has turned against the monarchical principle. The whole character

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of the war is changing rapidly, assimilating more and more a coherent purpose guided by a common principle—freedom from the old associations. All over Europe, like some magic fountain, the jets and sprays of liberty rise up in ever wider scope surging from a common energy at war with the old Europe of kings and mediæval survivals. Thus we find the paradox of scientific Germany fighting to set back the clock of history, to restore the old unscientific spirit. Without our intervention, in all probability the Kaiser would have succeeded, but in fulfilling her own truth England assumed the truth of Europe, and most nobly justified her completeness. It was long ago said that Old Europe would go down through Armageddon. This is what we are witnessing to-day. And rightly, therefore, this is called the People's war; it will be the People's victory—the victory of education; and that no matter how the war may end or what may be the manner of the terms affecting boundaries, dynasties, or Empires, or what the covenants and impositions of peace.

In this war Old Europe will bleed to death. Out of it men will issue spiritually refreshed. In the end there will be a new beginning. And the civilisation which shows itself to be the quickest and surest to grasp the new values and principles will be the moral victors of the fight and the torchbearers of the new progress.

In this reconstruction our English purpose will be tested intrinsically and extrinsically. Our opportunity will be as great as our temptation. If our inspiration fails within, we shall fail without. For us there can no longer be an attitude of isolation or insularity. Reconstruction thus with us is a European interest because we must either lead or lag behind, and if there is to be any question of a European League aiming at an organised peace founded on common unities and intercommunity of confidence, it is, above all, our fitness and aptitude that will govern or be the first to be adjudged in the democratic Europe of the future.

The task will be in our case peculiarly difficult owing to our now admitted low plane of education and the equally admitted bankruptcy of a political system which, leaving Parliament without check or control, maintained the negational rigidity of Two-Party power, thereby itself inevit-

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ably losing both efficiency and responsibility. This, of course, is the result of the half-work which destroyed the privilege of the Lords. It left us with Single House rule, conditioned by its own majority *ipso facto* deprived of the will or reason of criticism—that is, of independence or intellectual honesty.

It is worth noting that this entirely evil governance was the work of Party Liberalism, and quite particularly of Mr. Asquith. Politically, we may say that most of our troubles during the war derive from Single Chamber government, thus depriving the country of intelligent opposition and the Cabinet of intelligent and responsible control. The Coalition, at best an artifice, only emphasised this weakness. Parliamentary majority being the sole support of the Government, criticism disappeared, and with criticism the status and responsibility of the House. To-day it is admitted generally that this jejune contrivance of popular government is in need of reform. The results of One House rule are to-day seen to be notoriously defective. Parliament has forfeited its dignity and example, and the Government is more secret and more irresponsible than ever. Standard has gone. The values of public life hardly bear examination. The whole business of politics has degenerated into a game of machine-made servility and sterility, enlivened chiefly by the sale of honours and the rodomontade of windy and aspiring placemen. Over this growth the knife must pass. A Parliament elected, as in present conditions it needs must be, to keep the Government in, as otherwise it must itself go out, reduces that institution to a mere debating society, and gives the Government an immunity from control and supervision not only theoretically undemocratic, but essentially at variance with the principles which are supposed to justify it and the liberties which it is supposed to represent.

This was the lawyers' handiwork acting on the negative policy of wait and see. But in such conditions wait and see can be the only policy, as Mr. George has subsequently discovered ensconced behind the bureaucracy of a Coalition dictatorship. There is, and can be, no responsibility, no serious criticism, hence no constructive idea or objective. And until this vitally important matter of Second House reform is settled so that Parliament may be restored to

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its right place of honour and responsibility in the country, we shall find all way of real reconstruction blocked and all chance of attaining to a scientific progressive policy obscured and obstructed in the machinery which, as things are, only admits of a Government sanctioned by a representation which has no alternative.

In such circumstances the Party becomes simply an echo, and in all cases of doubt or opposition an affirmation. This is the explanation of Mr. Asquith's long tenure of office, though in all those years no constructive legislation was produced, no great social problem was tackled, no essentially Liberal policy was formulated or attempted. The Government's business was to remain in office by palliative and compromise. We have Lord Haldane's cynical confession of governmental impotence in the excuse that our military unpreparedness was due to the unreadiness or ignorance of Democracy, which is to say that the Government acted only by compulsion, and itself had no initiative at all. Lord Haldane spoke truly. There was no Government, and that is why it lasted. There can be no Government under such a system. If the Executive has to wait for and on the initiative of the mob, then obviously the standard of progress is the standard of the lowest; yet that was the position of the Asquith Government, and that is why, under the rude exposure of war, it failed until it no longer had any bottom to it, and in lieu of office-holders we now get hotels. All this must go if we are to step into line and keep on the level with the European reconstruction that will succeed war, and if we are not ready for the fray of peace, assuredly once more we shall fall behind.

Flanking this political machinery of inefficiency and social corruption we have our curiously low plane of education sapping the wisdom and hope of Britain. It operates in every sphere of our life and endeavour. At the present moment we find in industrial centres a serious unrest. Above, we see an almost wholesale breakdown of traditions. The Church has lost its myths. Our Party system has become meaningless. All around our politicians, our shibboleths, our idols, our celestials are seen to be fly-blown adhesions of small capital value to the country. There is no example outside the physical sphere. Only the Press stands, docile, commercial. All our roots seem

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to have been torn up. In their place we see only tendencies, energy, conscience, instinct.

After the war, our captains of industry tell us, we are to capture many prizes. How? What example do they set? Do these men not understand that the low state of our industrial efficiency is the result of inferior education, and that if we are to capture prizes we must first educate ourselves to deserve them? Our Public Schools' attitude teaches the classes to despise thought; to think, therefore, unscientifically. Now that is what is wrong with England. Our outlook is that of the amateur. Tradition, convention, privilege, ignorance paralyse the country. The democratic chance, such as exists in America, is non-existent here. When war broke out we had no General Staff. And because we cannot think scientifically we have no system, we had no sense of organisation, we seem temperamentally unable to face facts or think from sound premises. This is England's weakness. Here it is that reconstruction must start from. In a word, the diagnosis is—education, which alone can fit us to grapple with the immense problems that will face us after the war and alone assure our Imperial continuity.

To those who doubt I say: Read the Dardanelles Report. If after studying that stupefying document we still adhere to the Eton playground idea, then we shall find the after-war battle as expensive and as critical as the physical side of war, perhaps even more so now that America is associated with our efforts. Reconstruction will depend on our attitude towards it. In existing political conditions only half-work is possible. All will depend upon the fundamentals we build upon. To-day we lack these fundamentals because we lack the education which alone can provide them. In the new Europe these are the things that will decide and set the pace of evolution. And this is our charge and destiny, as it will be our proof in the European architectonics of the great war.

“ A New World ”

[A Reply to Mr. Lloyd George]

By Austin Harrison

THE other day, in one of those lambent utterances reminiscent of the halcyon days of our ante-war proletarian plutocracy, you recommended “audacity” and admonished Demos to “get a new world.” It was a characteristic challenge, and it has been answered by a crop of sporadic reactions in the Labour world in what are to-day euphemistically known as “rest-cures.” I do not pretend to know whether in this tooling of the democratic spirit you were thinking of re-insurance with the powers in whose name the war is claimed to be fought, yet it is certain that your call struck a deep significance in constructive consonance with the spirit of the age and the associations of that much-abused word—Liberty. It is in the cause of Liberty, about this audacity and new world that I would address you. Now many men and women do mean to try to get a new world; unfortunately, you are the man who seems to stand for an old world, for the old order, and have shut down thought and freedom of expression in the land. When, as the result of newspaper effort, you became Prime Minister, you declared your intention to tell the people the truth, and having so spoken you proceeded to screw down the censorship tighter and tighter until to-day thought, intellect, and democratic association have no expression at all, though how you imagine this new world is to be obtained without the faculty of thought and intellect you have neglected to enlighten us. Instead of an orchestra, you are reducing the Press to a concertina. Instead of telling the people the truth, you are ruling by censorship more autocratic than the personal *régime* of Potsdam or the secrecy which finally brought about the fall of M. Briand in Paris. No, there is no need to start; you have appealed for audacity, you have told us to get a new world, and in this you have been given a very inspiring lead from

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New Russia, where Democracy is setting an example to Europe which may soon become the hope and spiritualism of the whole political and military situation.

That is what I want to speak to you about. I want to bring you back to earth and show you at this hour of the most appalling tragedy in history that Limehouse Napoleonism is not the way to the stars, and is gravely embarrassing the truth and nobility of our civilisation.

Now what we wish to know is this. Are we to understand that the intellect of England is to abdicate, to have no voice in the aims and settlement of this colossal movement of Peoples because you and your Government claim the right to settle it all for us; demanding a free hand, a blank cheque, and absolute rights of proposal and disposal whether to wage war indefinitely or to muddle indefinitely or to spend the nation's money, life, and substance without check or control; and, if so, by what right do you arrogate to yourself such sanction? Is the "audacity" to be all yours? Are we to be merely your pawns, placing ourselves wholly at the mercy of your omniscience, as if you were the Invisible King recorded in the latest book of Mr. H. G. Wells? Surely you cannot claim to be the only man who can "get" us a new world—you who were demonstrably wrong about Germany and the whole European situation before the war, and were yourself associated with all the failures, blunders, omissions, and fantastic ignorance of war connected with the late Government and Coalition, and yet failed to resign, failed to play the man, as Sir E. Carson, to his lasting credit, did; failed conclusively to show yourself a statesman until events precipitated a crisis and opportunism forced you to take over the helm of State, or quit for good and all.

If that is your claim, and we are to be simply your docile servants awaiting the fulfilment of your fair-weather braggadocio, permit me to tell you that your record is not "good enough" for such a blind trust, for your judgment has been proved unsound. You know it. You will remember denouncing me as an ignoramus a year or so before the war for insisting that a German-European war was inevitable and imminent—do you think it wise to expect men to believe that a man so staggeringly ignorant

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of European affairs as you were before the war has to-day acquired the perfect wisdom; that any man whose judgment was so wrong then is now the man to form correct opinions, or ever to form correct opinions? If so, I say, turn up your record, and turn up mine, if you like. See who was right before and during this war and who was wrong. Believe me, you cannot stand before the bar. And, believe me, you cannot therefore claim to speak authoritatively in the name of the new scientific Democracy.

I have no desire to criticise, so that you will have no cause to turn Brigadier-General Sir F. E. Smith upon me. I aim solely at pointing out to you the danger of your policy of Absolutism in this resurgent hour of a conscious Democratic attestation, which is to-day the truth of the world-war. It is a question of attitude and of the new spirit of Man, which somehow you appear to miss the sense of, even as the machinery of your Government is seeking to suppress it. Perhaps I can best explain by an example.

The other day I attended a meeting summoned under the auspices of the League of Nations. It was a representative gathering, and the leading speaker was General Smuts. He said what I fancy lies in the inner minds of most men, that the war had shown the necessity of educating opinion to restrict and abolish war, and that unless this end was achieved the war would have been fought in vain. I heard, with astonishment, I confess, Lord Hugh Cecil proclaim that above nationality men must learn to acknowledge Christianity—the true Christianity, not of dogma but of Love. I heard Lord Buckmaster declare that if a League of Nations was to be established calculated to do any good at all, obviously the enemy of to-day must be admitted into it, as otherwise it would be only one group of civilisations opposing another, and the words were warmly applauded. Now this is Wilsonism, the declared reason of America's entry into the war. Still more enthusiastically it is the motive of the new Russian Democracy with the idealism of its young faith, which is the greatest result so far of the war.

This is what I would bid you mark. From your lips I have caught neither ideas nor ideals. You have talked about a "knock-out." You have spoken in the stale language of Old Europe, as the mouthpiece of the

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old secret diplomacy, like a Princeling of the "Holy Alliance." I can see no sign that you have understood the profound change that has come over the meaning of the war since Russian freedom from Tsarism, and the hope that it has generated in the minds of the Peoples fighting, and now destined, to create the New Europe. Rather the contrary. As the spiritualism of Democratic Liberty grows without, you have suppressed it within. There are unpleasant signs that you and your Government have misinterpreted the Russian Revolution—I am sure Lord Milner was surprised—failed to gauge its true immanence and manifestation, lagged behind in the frank acceptance of it. An ominous reactionary atmosphere prevails precisely here where openness and sympathy should lead to a fuller and juster comprehension. With results of bewilderment, uncertainty, misunderstanding. And what I see is the lead or moral gesture slipping from this country, passing to the New World, gathering vent and significance in the Russian Republic, and so recoiling into this country.

I trust you will not misjudge the symptom which, whether you credit it or not, is the sign and spirit of the hour. If you have failed to form a right estimate, it is because you have seen with the insular eyes of a politician and not understood the psychology of other nations; have not grasped the truth that this is no longer a war for boundaries, markets, or empires, or the dislocation of one set of Powers for another in the old European Metternichian sense, but quintessentially a war of the Peoples in revolt, at first unconsciously, but now articulately, against the shams and tyrannies of theocratic and monarchical Europe and the class anachronism of Feudalism. The very phraseology of war has changed in the process, militarily and politically. For the first time in modern history we hear the word abnegation used by an Empire in place of the covetousness of annexation. So long as Tsarist Russia fought in the name of Liberty, the sincerity of our cause was an artifice, but to-day it is a wonderful and creative reality. These things you would do well to consider, since you have given no mark of recognition. Now and finally this war is a gigantic paradox, demanding the highest form of statesmanship—vision. We entered it in the name of nationality. Alas,

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poor logic! For venturing to think logically a celebrated schoolmaster lost his school, but the time has come when in our own despite we must try to think logically; we must endeavour to dissemble less; to use words closer to their meaning; to make sure that when we speak of spiritualism we are not ourselves falling into that very materialism we are fighting to demolish, and that spirit we are pledged to remove.

Now you have advised us to get a new world, how is it that you do not realise that a new Europe is being fashioned under your very eyes? Its example has come from Russia, where with our usual lack of imagination we evidently have made a grave blunder by treating the Russian revolutionaries very much as long ago we treated the French revolutionaries—with an attitude, that is, of pained *class* surprise and annoyance. It has caused serious umbrage in Petrograd, and may lead to estrangement if you do not instruct our representatives in Russia to think in the spirit of the times and speak in the language of the hour, so that they may accept and associate themselves with the liberating thought and movement of an unbound Russia. Our alliance with Russia will ultimately depend on the sympathy and equality of our democratic association, on no other interest; and you will do well to face the fact and learn that you can no more stem the march of Democratic progress in Russia and New Europe to-day than Rasputin himself can ascend from the dead to cast Russia once more under the palsy of Tsarist favouritism and the tyranny of Peter-Paul. You also will have to acquire the new principles of thought, the new terminology of diplomacy, and in all likelihood you will have to send to Russia a man who is not a mere diplomatist of the old school whose vision is prescribed by the circle of Court society, ossified in the ana and disciplinarian tradition of Imperialism and prejudice. We ought to send to Russia to-day the finest and clearest-thinking Democrat that we possess. Do not hesitate. You need not heed the secret diplomatists with their comparative French and small knowledge of the world; think of the world, get one of your secretaries to scrutinise the pages of history relating to the progress of the French Revolution, for remember this: the movement in Russia is Socialism, the fruit of the

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abortive rising in 1905. To believe the Rasputins in our midst, who advise you that Russia is not ripe for self-government, is to commit the policeman's error that we have fallen into as regards the Irish capacity to govern themselves, and, if persisted in, may give rise to grave complications and contingencies. It is not a question of “the king is dead, long live the king”; it is the Democratic conscience awake; it is the Social Democratic State in the flower and blossom of its evolution.

A few words here on the military situation, which is perhaps best described as a fog—the cloud largely of your unscientific war prophecy.

You informed the world not long ago that you would secure a “knock-out,” and in substance that prophecy was repeated by the Commander-in-Chief, thus giving rise to hopes for which there was no scientific justification, as was pointed out in this REVIEW at the time. There is no need to say more. In France, General Nivelle has been superseded, and on May 11th the military correspondent of the *Times* wrote these remarkable words:—“Neither we nor France can afford the heavy losses of a great and general offensive for the moment.”

The reason is, of course, that the theory of the positional gun as the secret of trench stagnation has not proved the success anticipated owing to the new counter-method of mobile positional defence, supported by the counter-attack and the appalling deadliness of the hidden and unregistrable machine-gun. That is the position; the reversion once more to tactical or siege warfare and the conditions that have governed the Western field more or less since the battle of the Marne, aggravated by the inactivity of the Eastern front, and, for the time at any rate, its negative utility as a strategic factor of war.

Now though this is the precise condition I foresaw, it is not the condition you led the public to expect, nor presumably what you yourself anticipated, as otherwise it would be difficult to exonerate you from the responsibility which neglected during the winter months to raise the forces we are now informed are necessary for a “great offensive,” which, as usual, at the eleventh hour in the old Derby style you appear to be skirmishing about to raise with a premonitory appeal to voluntarism, doomed, as surely you

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must by this time be aware, to fail. Months ago all this was pointed out to you in these pages. But in your position of dictator, disdainng Parliament, you have become a mystic under the screen of the Censorship, which has literally suppressed intelligent opinion and is rapidly exasperating all good citizens of this commonwealth to the creation of unrest and even dangerous irritation.

The extraordinary thing about this is that there is no necessity for secrecy. Our spirit has never been so sure, so single, or more racially quickened with resolve and confidence, whether to sacrifice or endure, yet never has the sanity of this people been so ludicrously doubted. You have had a blank cheque and a free rein unexampled in our history, and all we receive in return are foolish prophecies and more censorship *plus* variations on German progressive cannibalism.* I do not speak of your Controllers, with their lamentable muddles, half-measures, orders, counter-orders, and utter failure to control prices, I am thinking of the lack of statesmanship you have displayed and the intelligent recognition of that fact among the general public.

For it is in the vision of statesmanship that we miss Democratic guidance, and never was this more unfortunately shown than in your Note rejecting the German overtures for peace, couched in the grammar of bad English and poor diplomacy. This was followed by your "knock-out" vaticination, since when, save for a newspaper reference to something you said in the last Secret Session about the superfluosness of stating our terms, I can recall no statesmanship of yours either towards Russia, Ireland, or the general situation; nor can I discover whether you identify yourself with Mr. Wilson's views or not, or with any higher views than those incorporated in the rather schoolboy vista of the knock-out.

Pray do not think this is pacifism. If I may proffer a counsel it is that you divest your mind from all labels which in these constructive days are unscientific. Now when you borrow a pugilist phrase as the supreme definition of British statesmanship, permit me to rejoin that,

* The *Kadaver* story merely reflects upon our ignorance of Germany, and has been explained in the best French newspapers as a mistranslation. For goodness' sake, tell Lord Curzon not to make us all appear ignorant.

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even as I credit your enthusiasm, I yet must classify it as unworthy of the impersonal cause we are fighting for. I would go further and say that it is militarily unscientific in the group conditions of war socialisation—Sedans and “electric” finales are extremely improbable to-day—but as some mysterious letter might here be adduced to serve as a demurrer, I will say no more except that, if the attitude of this country is to be the knock-out, then at least you should not say you are going to deliver such a blow until you are sure, as distinct from cock-sure, of being able to prove good your words, as I feel confident Jack Johnson himself, who is the best banterer in the ring, would concede.

But when you say that our terms are known, I answer you that they are not—at least, I do not know them, nor have I the haziest notion whether a “knock-out” implies a vindictive or annexionist and disruptive solution as apart from the Democratic European and now World Settlement which alone can bring this vast struggle to a satisfactory end, and alone pave the way to that League of Nations comprising all the civilised Powers with the object of eliminating war.

On this question—perhaps the greatest and most inspiring problem that the human race has ever aspired to solve—I heard more statesmanship, more sense and humanity, that is, from General Smuts in his address the other day on that “New World” you so glibly teased us with, than I have heard from either you or your Government; and if, as the precondition to any attempt at fulfilment of this ideal, the knock-out is the only and absolute introduction, then here again I tell you that secrecy and irresponsibility are not the way to obtain it, no more here than in Germany.

It is clear—Mr. Balfour hinted as much openly in New York the other day—that the knock-out blow will not be delivered this year; which means the prolongation of the war into another summer; the knock-out may not be delivered then—at least, such is the military way of facing war, for the good soldier does not prophesy. Are we to understand that statesmanship during that long period of expectation is to remain in abeyance? We have every right to know. Indeed, we must know, for the Russian situation demands the full and frank definition of our

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aims and common policies, and it would be in the highest degree impolitic to ignore it. Why should we? The object of war is peace. Our trust and business in this war is correction, the education and enfranchisement of Peoples, the acceptance and affirmation of human liberties. At this hour of the supreme crisis we see all round us a curious bankruptcy of statesmanship; of moral courage; of mind. I believe myself, and I speak with considerable knowledge of Germany and of the Germans and of European conditions derived from years of study among foreign nations, that in one sense peace is more realisable to-day than at any time since the beginning of war, and I am not afraid to express the opinion that if only the mist of secrecy and passion could be broken so that the sanity of Man could find outlet and utterance, this European madness could be brought to an end within no distant time on the basis of a peace of reason and social constructiveness.

I do not see any decisive military factors as yet, whether on land or on the seas—the submarine menace will certainly not be decisive. War, which is simply the physical argument of policy, is to-day proved its own negation, as the Germans, of course, realise: hence their offer of peace. And what we are faced with to-day is the negation of the argument, leading thus logically back to the affirmation of policy or reason in its spiritual, which is the only permanent, sense. The question whether we can afford to treat with the Hohenzollerns is Napoleonism; he said: "I ought to have decreed that the House of Hohenzollern shall reign no more." I do not understand that it is our mission to dethrone kings or, as a constitutional Monarchy, to declare war on the Monarchical principle, but to correct and neutralise the military sway and Feudalism of kings and of secret Courts, which in the case of Germany we have done. The decapitations are her concern. And this view, I note, Lord Robert Cecil seemed also to profess in his statement to the House of May 16th. If we are to agree that the hope of humanity lies in the establishment of a League of Nations, or in the attempt to found such a League, then plainly the *a priori* condition is justice and the acceptance of a common integration, though we have heard nothing of this from you. Otherwise such a League and such a peace can only lead to a restatement

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of the balance of power and condominium of the old diplomacy, with all the intrigues, ambitions, vanities, secrecies, and dangers associated with force and its inevitable corollary, counter-force. Such an end can only be achieved and placed upon permanent foundations through the human principle of justice; it cannot be achieved physically, for its reason is a moral law, as its condition is the logic of reason. I would have you remember this when you speak in the name of Democracy. I would ask you to bear in mind that if our purpose is moral, then the values also must be moral, and can alone so acquire life and continuity.

What does this mean? It is a plea for sanity, for construction. It is to remind you that the world is watching you, and that the world will never forgive you for any trespass on the spiritualism of New Europe in the track of a mistaken or misdirected materialism. We have to win this great battle. We have won it. We have now to win it educationally.

What I mean by that is that we must be great enough, as we are strong enough, to give the enemy his spiritual chance, which will not be advanced by threatening him with a knock-out deliverance and the delirium of decay and disruption. The Germans to-day know they cannot win—that is the physical situation. The question is to end war. Half of that problem has been solved, the Eastern side by New Russia; who has called upon us to work for a peace on the conditions of live and let live. If we accept that attitude, then such must be our purpose. But if our object is destruction, then we must prepare to put that matter to the test and fight to the very death, for perhaps another two years.

As I see things at this juncture, *this is the confession and tragedy of the war, and there is no man big enough to proclaim it.* Out of it there has sprung a new scientific Democracy, young and radiant with an immense hope, a new religion of humanity. It is the new life, the new purpose of civilisation.

So long as there existed a positive danger of German victory, we had no option; our duty was wholly physical, but now that America has entered the war that danger no longer exists; nor do I think we need have any fear of a

Russian separate peace. That is an immense advance, because it raises the physical side of war into the domain of the mind, into the potentiality, that is, of statesmanship. We find a German Socialist leader speaking of war as an "unservicable weapon"; we see the problem of peace resolving itself more and more into a question of annexation. Two months ago there seemed no solution save the physical, but the Russian Revolution has placed the whole war on a constructive Democratic plane which we must either accept or repudiate, even as our action determines, and is determined by, its acceptance by the enemy. The point of correction is the exact definition of the European cause and of our physical and moral intervention.

We have to win to the point of correction, but Democracy now demands a clear definition of that point of correction and what steps you have taken or propose to take to acquaint the enemy with that definition, and what chances you propose to give him to accept it. The statesmanship of war is to know how to end it. Now it is this want of statesmanship, vision, and moral courage that are the outstanding features of the situation. I ask: What is our policy? Have you an objective beyond the physical conclusion of a prophecy, which is neither Napoleonism nor statesmanship? Do we accept the article of belief formulated in the Declaration of May 19th of the Russian Government which aims at a Democratic settlement without annexation and without punitive indemnities? If so, I call upon you to announce our adhesion; if not, that you inform this Democracy of the fact. We mean to get this New World, as we intend the Germans to accept it too. But I would have you know this. Not a man must die beyond the point of correction needful, and this is the responsibility of the back. If those who lead us to-day fail in the semblance and expression of that trust, do not be surprised if the Democracy of the "New World" affirms the new valuation and completes, within and without, its own fellowship.

The Hindenburg Strategy?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

"As had been said, know thyself; know thy enemy; fear not for victory." This text I have taken from a "Book of War"—not, however, the official publication of that name issued by the War Office half a dozen years ago, and on which much reliance appears to be placed by our leaders of to-day. The other "Book of War" from which I quote was written in—of all places on the world's surface—Pekin, ten centuries ago, by one Sun-Wu, and I put it to my readers that its aphorisms are as true in principle to-day as when they were hieroglyphed by a Chinese "military expert" at about the same period that William Duke of Normandy was, as managing director, promoting his great joint-stock venture for a filibustering descent upon open, semi-defenceless England. "The foundation of victory is a Government which knows its own mind"; oh! that this maxim had applied to our weathercock rulers. "He who does not know the evils of war will not reap the advantage therefrom"—precisely our case, for since the second decade of the nineteenth century the word "war" has had no real meaning for us beyond the excitement, interest, or private loss or sorrow occasioned by some war which has been remote and impersonal.

And so the peoples of the British Isles were unable from their own experience or knowledge to realise what a national war would mean to them or how it would affect them, individually or collectively.

Another thousand-year-old utterance of this Oriental statesman (he had been Chinese Minister of War) was: "In the conduct of war do not depend on the enemy's not coming, but rely on your own preparations." It is evident that his incursions into the literature of his spiritual home had left the monumental Lord Haldane lack of leisure to assimilate the illuminative philosophy of a sometime War Secretary of the Farthest East.

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The general situation as I write brings home with little significance Sun-Wu's warning: "Know thy enemy." Does the public at large know the enemy yet? I warrant not. We are living just now in a fog of war. Also we are living in a shadow cast by our wonderful ignorance of the German military mind, and of our inability to realise the basic principles of what I call the Prussian war doctrine. And so in all classes and parties there is a growing presentiment of some crisis impending. According to our knowledge or ignorance or indifference (marvellous to observe, there is even now an indifferent minority among us) or other controlling qualities, we set our teeth and yield all we have, life and fortune, *pour la patrie*, or we panic, or we smile a know-all, superior smile, or we shrug our shoulders, or we simply do not care the proverbial straw. Looking round, we see daily expositions of the valour of ignorance, or even within the privacy of our homes the panic of ignorance, the fears based on *partial* knowledge, but how little of that of which we can say with certainty, "This is optimism based on knowledge"? How are we to get at the truth? This is the main point, because if we do not know the truth and are valorous, our valour is merely idiotic; if we are panic-stricken, our panic is unmanly and indecent. If, on the other hand, we know the truth, and so figure to ourselves the imminence of the danger which our juggling with the man-power problem has brought about, there is some hope of getting to work on the one road—that of crushing numerical superiority—that will bring us to conclusive victory. What is optimism? Real truth, not the optimism of the man in the street, who at quarterly intervals announces the certain termination of this world-over hurricane. It is confident anticipation. What is knowledge? It is the certainty of truth, and can only be approximated to by the human intelligence. Now I suggest that the kind of belief which most nearly approaches to certainty of truth or positive knowledge is that which is supported by authoritative sponsors (in the case in question members of the Grosser General Staff), corroborated by evidence (the *inner* battle-life of the German Army), and substantiated by reason. Let these tests be applied to my one assumption of fact—and that is that this war will end in an inconclusive deadlock unless we are enabled enormously to increase our numerical superiority on

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the one front, which I have for thirty-three months contended is the one alone that counts, that which is aligned with Western and Southern Belgium. If this is so, can the necessary preponderating weight be obtained by us? I say Yes. Of the necessity for it now let me speak. The bed-rock of the overwhelmingly serious problem that presents itself to us *now*, NOW, NOW, is the setting to work in deadly brutal earnest for the provision of new reserves. In a banking institution we may look upon the actual gold reserve as "the Reserve," and the widespread and ramified resources of the concern in the shape of credit as the bank's "Reserves." Now in the event of a run on the bank I imagine the reserves are mobilised, and the reserve is produced ready to throw in to turn the scale. It seems to the people looking at it from a business point of view quite a reasonable conclusion that if an adequate reserve is not supplied in time to turn the tide of battle or to meet an unforeseen eventuality, the resources of the bank may not save it from disaster. Do the same people see from their business point of view that Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig must have at his disposal a reserve of at least a million men before he can accomplish after many more rounds a knock-out blow? I trow not. Because our un-military British public will not apply to the winning of a struggle for our Empire's existence the principles that are inseparable from ordinary civil life.

In the ring, the boxer's resources are his skill, his training, his fitness—a hundred and one factors which are behind him; his Reserve is that which he keeps up his sleeve, some knock-out blow into which he has to put every ounce at his disposal and which he is preparing to put in to settle the combat once for all, either when he sees an opening or at a predetermined time. And without this million reserve Haig will not be strong enough at a point where he would be looking to the accomplishment of a decision, or where Hindenburg would propose a decision. Now I dare to assert that either of these contingencies will not present itself to either opponent for some months to come. Therefore there is time even at this eleventh hour to get the "solar plexus" million. For there cannot be any reasonable probability of a knock-out blow in the area in which this summer's operations will be carried on. The "ring" is not suitable; it does not favour a knock-

out. There is no clean area of ground fit for the deployment of armies, one or the other of which would be able to inflict a decisive blow. The combats will, as I stated in the April and May issues of this REVIEW, be more or less localised, so that no rapid and overwhelming decision of the Napoleonic order can be sought by either side until the biggest armies that have ever been set into motion debouch into the plains of the Netherlands. And on those rolling plateaus, the immemorial cock-pit of Europe, within not many miles of God's Acre of Waterloo, where so many of our brave forbears sleep, will be fought the big battle of the war; and on which, if the issue of the result imposes such a course, the enemy will hold us up on their last line, that on which during the last eighteen months has been lavished every atom of Teutonic military engineering ingenuity. This Torres Vedras of the war, and of the nature of which I have heard from neutral sources, extends from the Antwerp entrenched camp to that of Nemour. *Inter alia*, one of its most striking features is an extra heavily ballasted railway capable of bearing the weight of mobile platforms from which "Fleissige Bertha" (42-mm. howitzers) can be brought into action "with almost as much rapidity," an informant expressed to me, "as a horse artillery gun." The whole line is, in fact, stiffened by the presence of a perambulating giant battery which is ready to move up and down between the place of arms on the Scheldt and that on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse. As to the question of reserves for the present phase of the war—*i.e.*, that of the enemy's retirement *en échelon* on Belgium and the Maubeuge-Sedan alignment—they will be required in force between now and October, because of the nature of the fighting which the German system of retirement will impose on us. And simultaneously with the steady flow of reserves to France during Hindenburg's steady retrograde movement, the organisation of our practically unlimited recruiting ground in the vast interior of the Dark Continent must be "rushed" with the object of being able to launch next year sufficient human weight for a knock-out blow. The sponsors, in my opinion, that will necessitate us using up a large proportion of our effective strength during the summer and autumn are the men on whose doctrine Hindenburg is now fighting, and who some years subsequent to the Franco-German War became the parents of the remodelled

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school of German infantry manœuvre when applied to a strategic retirement. By the way, it is a significant point in this connection that no Prussian Service text-book ever discusses the question of a retreat as we understand the term. The German military confidence is so unassailable that the term "retreat" is in the mind of the Grosser General Stab absolutely unthinkable. These are little traits worth bearing in mind: as Sun-Wu says, "Know thy enemy." Now I have known personally the majority of the soldiers of the Maeckel school whose precepts Hindenburg is putting into practice as these lines are written. Very well, they are, as I have said, the sponsors for my assumption that the present fighting will turn out to be extremely costly to both sides. Its nature involves such a conclusion.

There is another point which must be taken into account in considering the next three or four months' operations. The demand for fresh troops after every engagement with Hindenburg's retiring formations will become increasingly insistent. Mechanical science will convey these to the strategical points where they will be launched straight into the manœuvre area. In the last two years of the war time was given at the base for leaders and led to shake themselves into war conditions before being thrown into the front line. But the latest phase of the war in France will not permit of the expenditure of time for that final training within the actual war zone which was insisted upon by Sir John French during the last twelve months of his command in France.

To revert to the Hindenburg doctrine as influencing our necessity for a constant and ever-increasing flow of reserves to the front, it may be asked, How is it that the several "pushes" of ourselves and our valiant French Allies have failed to realise the tangible result anticipated? Unhesitating I declare that such a lamentable state of affairs will continue so long as Hindenburg's governing tactical principles are apparently ignored and unprepared for. His system of fighting detaining actions by enveloping attacks in mass directed against one of the following army's flanks, the working of which I explained in the May issue of this REVIEW, is no modern development of Teutonic military science. It is the same idea on which Frederick the Great based his offensive-defensive strokes

during a strategic retirement—the manœuvre to produce his famous “oblique line”—and this idea should guide us during the prelude of every coming action fought on a large scale. Then, again, how is it that we use up so much time and come to such prolonged pauses when essaying an advance movement? Again I maintain the answer is to be found in the psychology of war as regarded from the German Staff—the Hindenburg point of view. It is that our Staff invariably taboo a move forward until the most complete information as to affairs is in their possession. For this object strong advanced guards capable in investigation and resistance are employed, and so our daily tale of costly outpost conflicts. On the contrary, the tendency of the Hindenburg school is to come to a decision quicker and upon less complete information, for they consider that the secret of success lies, above all, in a strong will dominating that of the enemy. With the Hindenburg school it is not the situation accurately known that should rule the offensive, but a rapid and overwhelming offensive blow that should create a predetermined tactical situation which would favour the Commander-in-Chief’s strategic plan.

It may be convenient here to set out the broad principles of the German school of war. The German system seeks for success in the envelopment of an enemy whose actual position is often ascertained by a process of reasoning as to the best move open to him. This plan is adopted in order to avoid the loss of time incident on exhaustive aerial reconnaissance. The chief drawback to this method is the possibility of the defeat in detail of converging units before they close on their prey. This danger is guarded against in the German system by a high degree of training in initiative and co-operation, which leads commanders of units to close with the enemy as rapidly as possible and irrespective of losses, the object being to get at the enemy wherever he is encountered in order to deprive him of freedom of movement, in the certainty that their comrades to the right and left are doing the same, and by their vigorous action are relieving hostile pressure. One obvious drawback to this form of war is that, should the position of the enemy not conform to the hypothesis of the Commander-in-Chief, the latter has great difficulty in altering his plan by giving fresh directions to his general officers for the control of the

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operations, and once these are launched they are practically in the hands of column commanders. On the other hand, the German system—that evolved by my sometime Berlin friend, Colonel Maeckel—is especially adapted to working in the fog of war, and is therefore finding its *raison d'être* in the condition of things that prevails on the whole Western front. It demands, first of all, an entirely intelligent knowledge of the art of war on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, and Hindenburg is efficiently equipped in this respect. And it calls for character and vigour rather than intelligence in its column leaders. It assumes that, in war, information will not always be forthcoming exactly when it is wanted, or, at any rate, not in time to be acted upon, and that therefore it is necessary to have a hard and simple definite plan of action laid down beforehand and a vigorous and irresistible initiative to destroy the independence of the hostile Commander-in-Chief. Now the German system requires information to confirm the hypothesis as to the whereabouts and constitution of the main body of the hostile army. Our system requires accurate information when the enemy has committed himself and is no longer free to alter his dispositions. Secondly, that of Germany requires a standard of average efficiency but not genius in the subordinate leaders—not a heaven-born general here and there, but a corps of commanders who can be counted upon to play up to each other.

Thirdly, the German war method suits the conditions of uncertainty which, aeroplanes all to the contrary, have shrouded operations on the Western front. In this form of war the German General Staff maintain that a vigorous offensive in great measure replaces accurate information.

Fourthly, the adherents of the German method contend that only the simple succeeds in war. The German war doctrine is simplicity pushed to its ultimate. In favour of the French Staff method, under which I have trained, it may be said that, given sufficient information, the plan acted upon is never an involved one.

Fifthly, the German method bridges over the gulf between strategy and tactics, since Prussian enveloping strategy brings about a battle of which enveloping tactics are the characteristic feature.

Sixthly, in the enemy's system the Commander-in-Chief must to a great extent stand or fall by his initial plan of

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operations. In the Franco-British system a Commander-in-Chief can take advantage of an opportunity if he is able to recognise it.

Lastly, the German Commander-in-Chief bases his plans at the onset on reasoning rather than on information. When his mind is made up he risks much to gain time.

Let us imagine the two opponents on the Western front of equal efficiency and approximately of equal strength, one fighting according to the Prussian war doctrine, and the other according to the Anglo-French system. Now which ought to derive the greatest advantage from the new cavalry of the air? The answer is indubitably "the side that can make the best use of its information."

Should the aeroplane reconnaissance prove the German Commander-in-Chief's reasoned out plan to be wrong, the German method of war makes it exceedingly difficult for him to profit by that information by giving a fresh direction to his operations taken as a whole. This weak feature of the enemy's battle system may come as a surprise to many of my readers who have been led to believe that a Prussian Commanding General embarks upon a massed operation carrying in his pocket several alternative plans to be resorted to if the tide of battle flows in his antagonist's favour. As I have shown, it is quite the other way. The German High Command laboriously manufacture a PLAN founded on logically reasoned out conclusions. At what is calculated to be the psychological moment, it is put into execution with lightning celerity—time being, with the German system, the essence of success. I think the introduction of the air service factor into this war ought to make for the most favourable influence on our side. To put it in a nutshell, with an equality of aerial cavalry the advantage over the German ought to be indisputable; for the flying machine assists us in the FORMATION of a battle plan, whereas it only assists the German leader in the EXECUTION of an already formed plan.

Now the aeroplane favours our strategic school if the necessary reserves are available to ensure an irresistible attack. For it is man-power, and that factor alone, that will decide in our favour the issue of this titanic struggle, and that no doubt is why America has come in to ensure the result.

An Orgy of Waste and its Remedy

By Raymond Radclyffe

A FEW weeks ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer told an astonished House that the cost of the war was seven millions four hundred and fifty thousand pounds a day. A few days previously members had been led to understand that the cost was only six millions five hundred thousand a day. When the war began we gasped at the idea of spending a million a day. Perhaps by the end of this year we may be creating credit to the extent of nine millions a day. As far as I can see, no one takes the least notice. We are drugged with credit—drugged to such an extent that not a single member of Parliament, not a single writer on finance utters a word of protest. As for the Ministers, they revel in an orgy of waste. Every week some new Government Department throws out a new branch. These branches are in no wise urgent for the conduct of the war. Many of them are merely the shelters for nervous young gentlemen who do not desire to stand in the trenches. Each nervous young gentleman has to be supplied with a beautiful typist, and, as a rule, some common or garden clerk does the work of the office. I have in mind one branch established some months ago which is now costing seven thousand a year to run, and in which the only person who does any work is an elderly gentleman who was formerly in business, and is therefore capable of doing the whole work of the department alone—a fact which he proudly confides to his friends. Having once taken root, the Government Departments grow like noxious weeds; they throw out suckers and tendrils in every direction. They choke all earnest endeavour, and even the most energetic outsider is forced into idleness. Not only are they expensive in their *personnel*, but they create extravagance in every direction.

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The control exercised over the expenditure is lax. They give out contracts without knowing anything whatever about the goods they order. The business is done by amateurs who think that because they are employed by the Government they must of necessity be infallible. Such people do not understand that a business training takes many years, and that without such training accurate business methods are impossible. Thus it is easy to see that with tens of thousands of Government officials, the majority of whom know nothing about the business they are supposed to conduct, the cost of the war mounts up in an insane manner. Even when a business man is appointed to the charge of the department, he generally insists upon contracts being given to the firms with whom he has been in connection in his pre-war days. I need hardly say that such contracts are made upon generous terms. I am not accusing Government officials of dishonesty. I do not say that they participate in the profits made by the contractors. But I do say that there is no proper control over expenditure, and I asseverate my conviction that the ever-increasing cost of the war is entirely due to lack of such control.

It is dangerous for the nation to go on spending money in its present ridiculous and lavish manner. No one apparently realises that the creation of credit automatically forces up prices. Nevertheless, this is a well-known axiom. The Government gaily puts on 80 per cent. Excess Profits Tax quite regardless of the fact that everybody in England who makes goods or trades in goods is compelled to add 100 per cent. to the sale price. This I pointed out last month. The public is now thoroughly roused to the danger of excessive taxation. But the Government does not realise it.

In the days of Mr. Gladstone the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer was to criticise in the severest and closest manner the expenditure of the various public departments and to insist upon economy. In those days the House of Commons quite realised its obligation to the nation and backed up the Chancellor to the full extent of its power. Therefore we were enabled to reduce the National Debt in a remarkable manner. Also the nation had confidence in the Chancellor and in the House of Commons. I am sorry to say that to-day no one has any

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confidence in either. The House of Commons simply registers the wishes of the Ministers, and criticism is considered unpatriotic. Extravagance in public spending means extravagance in private life. It is the duty of the Ministers, and still more the duty of the members of the House of Commons, to cut down expenditure. But nothing is done in this direction.

If we are to win this war we can only win it by rigid economy. Therefore I have a proposition to make. I suggest that the Ministers appoint a Board of Control, which shall have supreme power to punish extravagance in public offices. This Board must be composed of men of the highest reputation, who must be paid high salaries in order that they may not be tempted to betray their trust. The Board should consist of at least eight members, of whom one should be a leading lawyer, another a leading accountant, and the rest well known business men. All of them should be chosen for their rigid rectitude and unbending attitude. The Board of Control should make known to the whole of Great Britain that they were prepared to receive and examine into complaints of every kind in connection with the Government conduct of the war. For example, if a man discovered peculation in connection with Army supply—and we all know that a good deal of this does go on—he should be able secretly to inform the Board, whose business it would be to instantly make inquiry into the truth of the accusation. The Board should be able to punish after a proper trial. It should be placed in exactly the same position as our present Judges of the High Court are placed in. It should be of the same standing as our Court of Appeal. I believe that if such a Court were established we should soon see a complete change in the present system of public expenditure. The petty robbery which now goes on would soon come to an end. But more than this would happen. Tradesmen and manufacturers soon find out whether contracts have been given at extravagant prices, and, as a rule, make pretty shrewd guesses as to why these prices have been paid. Such traders could in confidence inform the Board of Control about these contracts, and the Board could reprimand the department, and if necessary punish those who pay 20s. for goods which can be bought for 15s. As soon as the Board was in full

working order we should see a great change in the way contracts are given out. Government departments would be terrified of the controllers. It would be no use their complaining to the chiefs of their departments who are politicians, because the controllers would be above the politicians, just as the judges are to-day.

It may be objected that such a Board would lead to blackmail. This has been urged against the Board of Censors in China. There is nothing in this point, because we should only choose men of the highest position, and we should pay them the highest salaries in the land. They would be on a par with the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, which is as incorruptible as our own Judiciary. Unless we make a violent effort to stop the present insane extravagance in Government expenditure we shall suffer terribly. We have completely lost all control. The House of Commons has neglected its duties, and the Ministers, being only politicians and each one responsible for his own Government department, can hardly be expected to impeach their own officials. Nevertheless, impeachment is absolutely necessary to get us out of the present welter.

Again, it may be objected that the Council of Eight would become despots and would in the end practically control the war. What would that matter if we won the war? We want a despot—a man like Napoleon, who never had any hesitation in hanging a contractor if he failed to deliver the goods. Well, apparently we are not likely to discover a genius like Napoleon. But we certainly do possess a vast body of thoroughly honest business men who are disgusted with the present condition of affairs, and who would gladly devote the whole of their energies to cleaning up the Augean stable of the Government departments. Unless some reform is made, I repeat we shall suffer terribly. But I have absolute confidence in the business instincts of the nation, and I think that sooner or later reform will come. But it must not be delayed too long.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

The admirable Mr. Gosse had added another admirable book to his credit, a stately, studiously correct, and genteel life of the poet Swinburne. It chronicles the phases and achievements of "Algy" with pious and painstaking decorum, shows us the boy at Eton devouring books in the school library, conducts him to Oxford where Swinburne was a "failure," brings the man to London, where we get a boudoir vista of the pre-Raphaelites. A most worthy book, a library gift-book, a book one reads with admiration for the author's gifts, and almost with despair at the absence of human revelation. True, discreet references are made to Swinburne's rackety moods, but the veil is impenetrable; in fact, the one human document is a characteristic letter from George Moore, who found the poet naked on a bed and fled incontinently. If only George Moore had written the poet's life! If only Gosse could let himself go, like the poet! The author is evidently loth to inquire too deeply into Swinburne's Oxford career; he glosses over the famous Club incident which convulsed London at the time; clearly, too, he rather loses interest after Swinburne's migration to the Watts' household, where he resided for thirty years in blissful irresponsibility until the end. A strange life—cast in the dream and music of words, a career of ecstasy. But, alas! there is little ecstasy in this irreproachably mellow work.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

Another book by Mr. Wells, this time on God, whom with a horrid journalistic instinct he styles King. And yet

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this is a serious contribution. He means well. He puts it forcibly, with uplift, as the Americans might say, and there is a genuine spiritualism in his endeavour to restate the essence of God, which may well interest both Church and State. Mr. Wells defines God as—Courage; as Youth; as a Person, in the synthetic sense, and thus arrayed he disposes of dogma, ritual, the old superstitions, and the old mysteries of the Churches. Much of it is sound and welcome, and unquestionably reflects the modern attitude towards divinity; thus the elimination of the “angry” God, and Fear, which is the Pontifical argument of Rome. Hell, punishment, an after-life—these things Mr. Wells discards. He sees God in our own immanency, and he maintains that every gallows-bird can find God. As a statement of religion up-to-date it is not bad, but it is hardly “deep” enough for serious students of the eternal miracle, and many people will be annoyed at this journalistic attempt to settle the problem of God in a small book. The proper attitude to adopt is not to treat Mr. Wells too seriously, but rather to look on him as an irrepressible child-man whose genius is too attractive to ignore and too obviously limited to reprove. Mr. Wells has “found” God, that is the point. Why not? Put it down to the war.

THROUGH LIFE AND ROUND THE WORLD. By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT. With illustrations by Mortimer Menpes. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

“Over the hills and far away” has been Mr. Blathwayt’s star in life and he has followed it, and almost risen to the stars in this delightful work of travel, anecdote, observation, and spiritualism, wherein we find recorded the man and a wide slice of human nature. A varied life, always seen kindly, always helpfully. The chapters devoted to Mr. Blathwayt’s experiences as a clergyman are highly interesting, and they form, as it were, a sermon for both Church and public; all this part of the book, indeed all the chapters relating to the author’s early life, are charmingly fresh and observed, narrated in what is a style, both in form and expression. Mr. Blathwayt became an interviewer, or, rather, he made the interview an art; he

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has nursed in a lepers' hospital, he has travelled far and wide, he has known "most" people; he is that remarkable compound, a mystic and a man of the world. Of good stories the book is full. But it is more than a book of life, it is a statement of life. Mr. Blathwayt believes in sentiment. And the result is a human document which philosophers can read with profit and all men with affection.

FICTION

SONIA. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Methuen and Co., Ltd.
6s. net.

People are talking about this book because it gets away from the ordinary novel, and that though in form it is rather old-fashioned and has small artistic construction. But the thing interests. As a picture of our English life before the war it fascinates; moreover, the author knows his *monde*, and has not been afraid to paint these effete, wanton, vapid men and women as they flittered across London society with skill and veracity. Not a pleasant picture. A good few of these people have real names. The girl Sonia is typical of a certain London set—cynical, selfish, impudent, loveless, and completely inefficient; one wonders whether these dreary little women will return to their glory after the war. All through the book the figure of an Irish-American throws a virile atmosphere; the school-life is admirable, but the tail of it all is melodramatic and disappointing. Still, we have thrills, and a show-up of Tango London, refreshingly free from the stock-pot fiction of smart society *à la* serial story-fibber.

WAR

TURKEY, GREECE, AND THE GREAT POWERS. By G. F. ABBOTT. Robert Scott. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Abbott calls his volume a study in friendship and hate: it is. His historical method is useful, for he takes the relations of the Powers with Greece in turn and shows how they have used and abused her in the interests of the "balance of power," which game led logically to Armageddon. The author is evidently a Philhellenist, and he ap-

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proaches the problem of Greece with some bias, yet not so as to distort his perspective or lessen the real importance of this volume at a moment when Greece is suffering for the faults of the big Powers in the stereotyped name of liberty.

Particularly the last chapters should be read. Our whole German policy has been execrable since 1914, and Mr. Abbott claims that the King is more endeared to the Greeks than ever by our policy of brutal indifference to national rights and dignities as the result of the abortive Salonika occupation. Englishmen should try and read this book dispassionately, remembering that during the Boer War the Greeks were practically the only people in Europe who did not villify and condemn us for our assault upon the rights of the Boers.

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Coal Tar

SOAP

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Dear Sirs,

Bournemouth, 1916.

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S

4½d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets, 1/1½d.

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